

ABOUT THE FIGHT IN DALLAS

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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BROKE UP THE FLIRTATION.

MRS. GOLDSMITH LEADS HER HUSBAND OUT BY THE EAR FROM A HOTEL, AT YORK, ME.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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Did You Get It?

LAST WEEK

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BARMAID.

The Beautiful Colored Supplement Presented Free with

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Copies Can Be Had at All Newsdealers
or One Will Be Sent Direct From This
Office On Receipt of Ten Cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,

The Fox Building,

Franklin Square, New York.

CORBETT has been knocked out. Another man and his own bicycle did the business.

THE bicycle is "soaring" its way into the statutes and jurisprudence of the country in great form.

SOMETHING strange has happened! The divorce court of North Dakota has reversed one of its own decrees. If they're going to do things like that out there they'll soon lose their trade.

DID you notice the supplement? How about it? There are a few good things left, after all, but the supply of "The Nineteenth Century Barmaid" was almost exhausted with the first edition. You can't afford to be without it. If you haven't one you ought to wake up.

THE story of the life and sudden ending by suicide of Lillian Low, in New York recently, would require very little embellishment to be transformed into a remarkably strong novel. That her death was caused by remorse there can be no doubt, as the life she had been leading, according to all accounts, was one which would have been repulsive to any girl of refinement and education.

THE handsome colored supplement entitled "The Twentieth Century Barmaid," which was issued free with the POLICE GAZETTE last week, has made a more distinct hit than any of the previous supplements. That it was appreciated is already made manifest by great numbers of letters concerning it which have already begun to come in. As a work of art it was a superb production, and the subject itself was a most timely and appropriate one. There may be a few "dead ones" in the world, but the POLICE GAZETTE is not one of them, by any means.

THE ease with which Dr. Grace continues to make scores of a hundred runs or more in cricket matches recalls his disastrous experience with an American baseball pitcher when Capt. Anson's ball teams were in England some years ago. Dr. Grace tried his hand against Crane's bowling and could not hit the ball once, so puzzling did he find the pitcher's curves. Then to show what a batsman could do against English bowling some of the Americans stood up before several bowlers and hit the ball when and where they pleased. In throwing, too, the Americans excited the admiration of the cricketers by the distance to which they threw the ball.

MASKS AND FACES.

Confinement Cannot Dampen the
Spirits of Ballet Girls.

QUARANTINE HIGH KICKING.

Blanche Walsh Will Never Leave Comedy
Work for Comic Opera.

HUBER'S FIRE FIGHTING FAT GIRL.

That rocky old place in the lower New York bay known as Hoffman's Island, where folks are kept until it is quite sure they are bringing no fever or other germs in the country, had a dozen lovely visitors recently. They were ballet girls, who had gone down to Cuba to fill an engagement.

Most of them agree that the Cubans—at least those not engaged in the revolution—are not as hospitable as they are said to be, and that they lack appreciation of true art, as illustrated by twinkling feet and acrobatic calves. One of the girls says she's going back when she gets a new wardrobe to marry a "good thing," meaning a young Cuban who got "stuck on her shape." All deny that they are "dead broke," as some unfeeling reporters wrote.

"I guess," said Lizzie Young, one of the girls, "we've got enough to ride up town on. I just long to get a look at the old Tenderloin again. Although it ain't what it used to be, it's hilarious compared with Havana."

The girls had rather less raiment than ballet girls in their professional moments usually wear. One had no hat. She said that hats were really not necessary in so hot a climate as Havana's. All their clothing, other than the gauzy, summery low-necked dresses they wore, were in three trunks; therefore, there were three girls to each trunk. They had to use strategy in getting the trunks, as the proprietor of the hotel in Havana where they stopped tried to keep the trunks because the girls hadn't paid their bills for a week. A committee of the girls "jolted" the hotel keeper while another committee found an expressman, who, as one of the girls said,



COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT DANCING.

"snaked" the trunks and raced down to the steamship pier, and had them aboard before the hotel keeper found out what had happened. He tore his hair when he learned that he couldn't have the trunks brought back to the hotel.

The girls left the hotel and found another lodging. Six of them chipped in to hire a room in which there was only one bed. They declare that they were paid for all the time they were playing in Cuba, and that it was the fault of the Cubans, and not their lack of talent, that brought disaster to the show.

But while they were on Hoffman Island they were lively enough. They danced and kicked in a way that made the people who live on that isolated spot of rock and sand glad, and when they left the men were very lonesome.

The chorus girls' union, if there is such an organization, will probably rise in arms when it hears of the proposition which Miss Leone Leslie has made to Manager Lowell Mason, of "The Sphinx," at the Casino, and which Mr. Mason has accepted. Miss Leslie—that is only her stage name—says that she is a native of Louisiana and has been abroad for two years with her mother. Immediately on her return to New York she applied to Mr. Mason for a place in his chorus. She asked no pay and would furnish her own costumes.

Miss Margarita los Oros, which in plain English means Marguerite the Golden, is the latest applicant for the favors of the public. She comes from Cuba, where her father is fighting, with the other insurgents, for the freedom of his country. She has appeared in the United States before in concert work, and her voice is so refined and cultivated that she has been called the Cuban Nightingale. She renders all her selections in English and has concluded to forsake the concert hall for the vaudeville stage.

Mr. Huber, who is known as the originator

PRETTY, DAINTY, POPULAR!

Clay Fitzgerald, 7 styles; Della Fox, Fanny Rice, Lillian Russell, Angelina Allen, Gladie Ravee, Flo Henderson, Anna Mantell, Alma Egger, Virginia Earl; all tights; Leo Campbell, Yolande Wallace, Isabelle Coe, in costume; and hundreds of other handsome photographs. Price 10 cents each or three for 25 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.

of Huber's Museum, which is on Fourteenth street, New York, has as an attraction a bevy of very stout ladies who engage in wood-sawing contests. The impression went forth that they were good for nothing else until recently when one of the dressing-room curtains caught fire. Then a stout blonde proved that she was not only a sawyer, but a heroic daisy by grabbing the blazing curtain, throwing it to the floor and treading out the "forked fingers of fire" with her Tribbys.

There are a lot of little bright-eyed cupids hanging around in the corners and behind the Japanese corners in the Casino, New York, these days, and they are getting in a remarkable lot of fine work, for that old house of Moorish design is becoming an out and out theatrical matrimonial bureau. Just now there are a dozen affairs on which promise to end with the inevitable ring, and up to date four marriages have already taken place. The first to succumb to the living picture sed with the ancient artillery, was Stage Manager Louis Mason, who married Sophie Witt, the very clever dancer. Then Nahan Franko, the musical director, fell captive to the never ending charms of Miss Rupert, for which nobody blamed while everyone congratulated him. When "The Sphinx" company took possession of the lower part of the house, Paul West, the business manager, thought he had the chills, but it was only a case of Casino love which was breaking out. He found the antidote in the beautiful person of Miss Jennie Corrigan, one of the most attractive young women in the chorus, and Alderman Parks at the City Hall, helped Cupid along by tying the double knot in the real old aldermanic style. As a sort of a press notice addition to the wedding it might be said that Mr. West was at one time a newspaper reporter in Boston and his bride comes from a most excellent family in Cambridge, Mass. She has been on the stage three years.

The matrimonial fever then wandered up on the roof, where the cool breezes had no effect on its ardor. Harry Foy, comedian, then fell into its clutches, and before he knew it he was married to Florence Clark, a serio-comic singer, with the blessing of the parson and the congratulations of his friends.

The management wanted Jimmy Thornton as an attraction for the Casino roof and they made him an offer. He hesitated a moment.

"What's the matter? Isn't the money big enough?" he was asked.

"Oh, yes, the money's all right," he replied, "but, you see I'm married and I don't want to get nailed for bigamy. I've heard about the air in the Casino."

So he refused.

Signor Antonio Pastor has returned from his annual summer sprint abroad, looking ten years young.

ful. Success lay principally in convincing women that they might go to such an entertainment without any shyness, but the difficulty was quickly and entirely overcome, so that the assemblages now are remarkable for their refinement. Much of this result is due to the cleanliness of the stage. The acts may be sometimes brilliant and sometimes only good, but none of them are immodest and most of them are excellent. Failure to get satisfactory amusement often arises from a wrong choice of the theatre or the roof garden to go to. Those who can be sober minded only, who are in the minority, and to whom foolery and light entertainment on the stage is never anything else than offensive, are always at a loss during the summer season for entertainment of a theatrical nature; but to those who are desirous of something clean and wholesome in the way of stage entertainment and at the same time of a light and entertaining nature, the vaudeville appeals especially. The catering to the amusement of such people, is a special feature of the Koster & Bial performance, and the inoffensiveness of the programme and high class of the audiences, which have attracted the attention of the best class of theatre-goers to the roof garden of Koster & Bial, have resulted in a cleanliness of tone and thorough acceptability of the entertainment at this resort, which speaks well for the high purpose of its management and its ability to please in a wholesome way. This has marked the programmes offered during the entire summer season at this roof garden, and the bill announced for this week indicates that the usual good quality will be maintained and even more than duplicated. The special new features will include four new acts, which make their first appearance at this house. These will be the famous Clipper quartette, from "Little Christopher;" George H. Wood, who calls himself "the somewhat different comedian;" the Mises Bergere and Moore, who will introduce a new phase of travesty on the popular fad "Tribby," besides many character sketches; the four Gardeners in a musical melange. A unique and attractive portion of the last named specialty appears in the person of Master Dick Gardner, who is a mere boy and whose clever work with the drum-major's baton is remarkable in the extreme. The remaining features of the programme will include Marietta and Belloni, and their flock of performing cockatoos; J. W. Ransome, as the ruler of New York, with new songs; Claire Agnew, an eccentric dancer; the Egger-Rieser troupe of Tyrolean singers and dancers; Kokin, a Japanese juggler; Daisy Mayer and her troupe of pickaninies; the last week of Ganivet, the funny Frenchman, and Dr. Leo Sommer's Hungarian gypsy orchestra. In the event of rain the performances are given in the music hall.

Among the most recent hits is that made by Miss Georgia Welles in "The Passport," Sadie Martinot's fiasco. Miss Welles is a Chicago girl, who very early in life made up her mind to go upon the stage. In fact, it is related that she took part in amateur theatricals at the age of five years. School life, however, prevented her from realizing her hopes for a few years thereafter, but at the age of sixteen, when she graduated from college, she began the study of dramatic art in Boston. She received instruction for only one year, however, and then became a member of a Western repertory company, in which she gained much experience through the work assigned her in standard plays. She was naturally fitted for ingenious work, and eventually won great credit in a role of this sort which she played in Edward Owings Towne's comedy, "By Wits Outwitted." Miss Welles also appeared in Sadie Martinot's production of "The Passport," and made an excellent impression therein. She is very petite, of remarkably pleasing appearance, and has considerable magnetism. She is earnest in her work, and her future is bright with promise.

Herb Meyers, one of the proprietors of the American Roof Garden, and Ben Harris, formerly known as the keen-eyed sleuth of the Garden, have met in battle, and will meet again. Now they are both in training, and each one is trying to look more ferocious than the other. Mr. Meyers has bought a Whitley exerciser, with a pull of 200 pounds, and his biceps are enlarging so rapidly that he has been

compelled to wear sleeveless shirts. Harris, on the other hand, has not been idle, for he has hired the biggest waiter on the roof as a punching bag, and from 1 to 3 o'clock every morning folks who live in the neighborhood hear the muffled sound of Harris' punches, accompanied by the groans of the waiter as he receives the terrific body blows. Both are cultivating the society of pugilists, and assume gladiatorial attitudes on every possible occasion.

On the night of their first encounter they were arguing together after the show. Jimmy Thornton was there, waiting for his footman. It was a pretty hot argument, and then Harris, putting up his dukes, caught Meyers on the jaw. Meyers danced away to avoid punishment, and after sparring a few moments for wind the men came to close quarters. Harris led again and then ducked away from a vicious right-hand swing which, had it landed, would have knocked the gold filling from his back teeth. But Herb was not to be denied. He followed his man up to orchestra chair C 32, and, feinting for the stomach, landed his right cleverly on Harris' chin. "Take him away; he's got a knife!" yelled Harris. Then he put his hand up to his chin and found the claret had been tapped.

"I'm marked for life!" he shouted. "Gentlemen, remember yourselves, your positions and your friends," remonstrated Thornton. "If you insist on fighting, bill it and do it on the stage."

Then Meyers explained that he had no dirk, and that his three-carat diamond had done the cutting. Then it was arranged that they should meet at some future date with bottle-holders, soubrettes, referee, coryphees and seconds, and do the thing up in style.

GAYEST OF THE GAY!

"Paris by Gaslight." A graphic panorama of life in the merriest city on the face of the earth. By an old Bohemian. Describing the Jardin Mabille, life behind the scenes, etc. Fully illustrated. Price by mail, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

How Trouble Came to the Coy Jacksonville Maiden.

LOVED MISSIONARY WORK.

Fatal Ending of a Duel Between Father and Lover in Ambrose, Mo.

WAS WITNESSED BY TWO GIRLS.

There is a young woman in Jacksonville, Fla., who is really very clever, at least she thought she was, and so did everybody else until her baby was born. Her name is Fanny Mortimer, and she is pretty enough to attract attention anywhere. She seemed to be a very charitable young woman, and several times a week she would go out, looking as demure as a little Quakeress on her missionary work. But it has come to light now that she didn't do any missionary work at all; at least not the kind of missionary work she was supposed to do, for she was in the habit of repairing to an apartment which had been rented by one of the recognized young bloods of the town. What was done there no one really knows, but the landlady, who rented the room to "Mr. and Mrs. John Smith," says she used to take a great many bottles out after the visits of the young man and his "wife."

But it's all over now. The young man has been sent to Europe by his parents, while the young woman, for whom such a trip would be impossible, has gone into the country to visit "some relatives."

Just across the Arkansas line, in Carroll county, Missouri, is the Ambrose settlement, where was waged a few years ago the bloody family war between the Terrys and their neighboring foes. The Ambrose people were involved in this deadly feud, and they exchanged many shots with the opposing faction. A recent tragedy in that section of the Arkansas border shows that an Ambrose will fight for love as well as for revenge. John Ambrose was a young man who won the favor of the daughter of a neighbor, Miss Helt. The parents of the maiden opposed her choice and warned young Ambrose to stop his suit. This the lover refused to do, and at a picnic some time ago the young people met and defied the authority and the admonition of the elder Helts. The persistent gallant and the father of the girl quarreled on the ground, but seemed to make friends before the picnickers began to disperse. When the Helts started home Ambrose mounted his horse and followed the family, at some distance behind the party. The young man had been drinking freely throughout the day and was now visibly under the influence of liquor. He was armed with a pistol. The father of the girl did not know that he was being followed by Ambrose. When the Helts reached home the disobedient daughter and one of her sisters disappeared. The father suspected some treachery and started in search of them. In an old house on the farm he found his two daughters and Ambrose, where they had met by agreement. It was armed with a small target rifle, and a duel began at once. The father missed his man the first shot and hid behind a tree to shield himself from Ambrose's bullets while he reloaded. The young man continued to shoot, but the tree protected the body of Helt while the latter inserted another cartridge into the little gun. Then, taking deliberate aim at the breast of Ambrose, he pulled the trigger, hitting the young man squarely over a vital organ. Thinking his shot had taken effect, Helt ran homeward, while his daughters remained with the wounded lover. Ambrose said he was not hurt and regretted the fight, retreating toward his horse. The girls followed the young man. The three had gone but a short distance when Ambrose fell, dying in a few minutes in the presence of his sweetheart and her sister. Helt was arrested for the killing of the young man, but the preliminary trial showed the shooting to be justifiable, and he is now at liberty.

Curtis Johnson, a wholesale lumber dealer, of Greenville, O., whose business affairs were in a tangle, disappeared in 1895. He was only twenty-three years old, and left behind him a most charming wife and baby girl.

Every effort was made to find him, without success, and it was the belief of the town that he had committed suicide. His estate amounted to little, and Mrs. Johnson supported herself only after hard efforts.

Two years ago she met William H. Perry. She was first attracted to him because of his remarkable resemblance to the man she had first loved and wedded. Mr. Perry fell in love with pretty Mrs. Johnson, and she finally consented to become his wife. She was sure Mr. Johnson was dead, but as a matter of precaution applied for a divorce and secured it. She became Mrs. Perry in 1893, and they lived together happily. Mrs. Johnson had about forgotten her first love.

One afternoon a handsome stranger rang the bell of Mrs. Perry's residence. She opened the door, stood for a second and gazed into the face looking into hers, saw the outstretched arms, and then fell in a faint.

Mr. Perry appeared upon the scene and indignantly demanded the cause of the trouble. Mr. Johnson just

as indignantly inquired by what authority he was questioned.

"I am this woman's husband," Mr. Perry replied. For a moment Mr. Johnson seemed dazed. Then he staggered and fell. He was taken into the house, and when he was himself again he explained matters.

He went to Mexico after leaving his wife, and five years ago he had enough money to speculate in mining property. He was more than successful, and in a few years he amassed a big fortune. He could give no reason why he never communicated with his wife during his long absence.

Mrs. Perry is completely prostrated by the shock, and so is her husband. Neither the wife nor the husband knows what to do.

The affair is creating a good deal of talk, and much sympathy is expressed for the heart-broken wife.

Mr. Johnson says he will spend his fortune educating and caring for his daughter, who already is noted for her remarkable beauty.

How the matter will eventually be settled has not yet been decided.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS CANARY.

"Mr. Richard K. Fox," the famous singing canary, owned by the marine editor of the Louisville, Ky., *Post*, is dead, and the following appeared in the columns of that paper recently:

"The canary was thirteen years old last April, and was the 'pride of East Gray street,' as even all the children knew him and delighted in his enchanting songs. 'Mr. Fox' was a true friend to his cousin, the English sparrow, for through his chirpy notes in their favor when everything was ice-clad in mid-winter, these little birds received many a bushel of food from the neighbors; and he would be even generous enough to divide his own food with them. In fact, he was so friendly with them that he induced them to come to his cage and partake of his hospitality. On one occasion



THE KIND OF A MISSIONARY SHE WAS.

in his life an adjoining building took fire and set the room ablaze in which he was located. It was midnight, and all the family had left. "Mr. Fox," knowing his danger, set up a lively song, and this attracted attention, so at a time when the room was a living glow of flame his owner managed to reach him and leaped through a window, saving him, somewhat disfigured both by fire and water. During his long life "Mr. Fox" has seen a great deal more of the world than canary birds generally see, and he seemed to realize and appreciate every feature of it."

RICHARD K. FOX AT HENLEY.

When the boat races at Henley were on Mr. Richard K. Fox made a pilgrimage from Ireland to the scene of the famous regatta. An invitation to view the races from the press boat had been extended to him and accepted. He was a familiar and prominent figure on the course.

BROKE UP THE FLIRTATION.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. N. Goldsmith, wife of a millionaire liquor dealer, of York, Maine, last winter horsewhipped Miss Cowles, a music teacher, for alleged undue intimacy with her husband. Early this month, Miss Cowles and her mother, Mrs. Foote, took rooms at the Ocean House, adjoining those of Mr. Goldsmith.

A few days ago Miss Cowles and Mr. Goldsmith were dining together at the hotel, when Mrs. Goldsmith swept into the room and began upbraiding her husband. She told the guests that Mr. Goldsmith had given to Miss Foote a \$20,000 house, while she and her children were neglected. Then Mrs. Goldsmith led her husband from the room by the ear.

The hotel-keeper, after consulting Mrs. Foote, put Miss Cowles and Goldsmith in a buggy and they departed amid waving handkerchiefs and shouts of derision.

FAIR BUT FRAIL!

"The Demi-Monde of Paris." Real and daring portrayal of life in the gay capitals of the world. Superbly illustrated with 167 photo-gravures. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents, securely wrapped, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

ABDUCTED THE BRIDE.

Had Been Married One Day when Mamma Stepped in.

DOESN'T LIKE THE HUSBAND

There will be Trouble Between Mrs. Thompson and Mr. Boynton.

TWO ILLINOIS TOWNS EXCITED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Ray Boynton, who is twenty-four years old, saw his wife, a bride of a day, abducted from his home at Turner, Ill., a few days ago, and made no effort to stop the kidnappers. Lured by a sister from the new home to which her husband had brought her, Mrs. Boynton was seized by her mother without warning and forcibly dragged into a closed carriage. Marshal Woodworth and Deputy Sheriff Gorham are said to have had charge of the carriage and to have driven the prisoner and her captor away from the former's home. The astonished husband contented himself with shouting after the retreating vehicle, and will appeal to the courts to restore to him his bride.

Mrs. Boynton was Miss Mabel Thompson, and lived

lashed the horses into a gallop. They headed for Wayne and narrowly escaped tipping over several times in the darkness. Mrs. Thompson at first wanted to go to Elgin but feared interference, and decided to go to Wayne. A third daughter is married to a Mr. Cline, who is the foreman of Mark Dunham's stock farm at Wayne. Mrs. Thompson took Mrs. Boynton to Mrs. Cline and asked her to take charge of the young bride and keep her away from her husband.

"HAVE YOU SHOT THE CHUTE?"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"Have you shot the chute? Well, after handlin' ribbons all day you need somethin' of this sort to chirk you up," said the brunette girl with the blue-ribboned sailor hat, as she sat down by the side of George in the car that is dragged by a cable to the top of Coney Island's big water chute. George is a plumber's apprentice and makes such good wages all winter that he can afford to take department store girls out on little flyers like this.

"They're terrible tiresome to fuss over all day," went on the young lady, "and the peroxide blonds that come in to buy fifteen cents' worth and swell around upish are enough to tire out your spinal system. This is a peach—this water chute. Don't you forget to hold me tight, George."

As they reached the top and stood on the boarding-platform waiting for the boat to get in position, the full beauty and weirdness of the scene seemed to strike them both. At their feet—down, down, down at an angle that seemed almost terrific—stretched the water track, with the current splashing and dashing, gleaming and glinting under the white arc lights until it fell into the big, black pool that seemed miles away below. A poet would have taken fifteen stanzas to describe his impression. The brunette saleslady told hers in one word—"Gawd!"

"Gee whiz!" said George. He had already begun holding onto her. "Ain't you 'fraid to go down?"

"Not on yer tintype. Nearly every other girl in the department has done it. D'y'you think I'd back out, and me at th' top already lookin' down? You're queered yerself, that's it. Hustle into the boat lively now. 'Now, ladies,' the man's sayin'—that's me. Ow! Lookout for my Tribble now. You'd better hang yer own over the back of th' boat."

"They couldn't steer with 'em," snapped a tall, slender blond, who was sitting immediately behind. "Y' ought to hire a boat just for them."

"Say, he ain't with you, anyway. Fourteenth street. Just yu keep yer face to yerself."

In the meantime George was fulfilling his part of the contract—he was holding on. Like a streak the scow-shaped craft shot down the track. "Gawd!" came from the lips of the awe-stricken brunette, who was phased for the first time in her life of eighteen summers, and yet enjoyed the sensation. "Gawd!"

There was only time for two of these exclamations. Like a runaway train the boat shot down into the black pool. An instant and its bow was far up in the air. The stern was all but submerged. Rocking and careening end on end, in a twinkling it had gone half across the little lake. The water rose high on every side, and the sailor hat was plentifully bespattered with spray. "Scream after scream—it was too exciting for words—came from the feebly brunette. By the time the boat had steadied itself she had recovered herself sufficiently to turn around to the sailor at the stern and say to him, in her sweetest tones:

"Say, Chauncey, where'd yu learn how to do it? Come over and walk with me on Eighth avenue some night." To which remarks her escort promptly responded by a muttered, "I'll fix dat mug's face for him if he does." But he said it softly and under his breath, having had previous experience with the young lady.

She jumped out on the wooden quay and shook herskirts. "My, but I'm drowned," she said. "I don't want any more plain soda to-night, George. You can take me up again."

On the third trip down, which was the last that the present chronicler made, she had so far accustomed herself to the sensation that she flirted with the steersman unreservedly from start to finish.

FRANK W. NELLIGAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the deservedly popular young men of Syracuse is Frank W. Nelligan, who dispenses wet goods to his hosts of friends at Geo. Fisher's place in James street. Mr. Nelligan's ability in the capacity of bar-keeper is not the only thing which commends him to his friends. He is possessed of a social disposition, frank, open-hearted and liberal to the extreme. Always courteous in his bearing, a faultless dresser, he is altogether an up-to-date young man, white as chalk.

Did you get a copy of the Grand Colored Supplement last week? If you did not don't miss it, only ten cents per copy mailed to any address rolled in a tube.

WHERE CHAMPIONS TRAIN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Away up on Jerome avenue, where the high-flying sports of Gotham go to speed their trotters, stands a modest-looking white structure, with a huge black sign across the front bearing the single word, "Corbett's." This is the famous road house owned by the champion and managed by Jim McCabe, who is known in pugilistic circles all over the country. At this celebrated hostelry some famous fighters have trained. Billy Delaney is a regular visitor; Steve O'Donnell, Young Corbett, Sammy Kelly, Jim McVey and many others have booked there. Billy Gallagher, of the Pacific Coast, is now the fistic star of the establishment.

DECIDEDLY REALISTIC.

MISTRESS OR WIFE? By Paul de Kock. No. 15, of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. An exquisite story in the best vein of the famous French writer, with 72 unique illustrations. Price by mail, securely wrapped, 50 cents. Address, RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



ANNIE WALTMAN.

GRACEFUL, DAINTY AND BEAUTIFUL, AND NOW WITH THE FAMOUS FRENCH FOLLY COMPANY.



THREW HER FROM THE TRAIN.

HARRY PRUDEN, OF PITTSBURGH, THROWS HIS WIFE FROM A MOVING TRAIN NEAR THAT CITY.



ABDUCTED THE BRIDE.

MRS. THOMPSON, OF WAYNE, ILL., KIDNAPS HER DAUGHTER, MABEL BOYNTON, FROM HER NEW HOME.

HOLY BONDS OF MATRIMONY

They are Ignored by Couples in
Kansas City, Missouri.

HE LOVED A 200-POUNDER.

Then Came a Queer Divorce Case in the
North Dakota Courts.

WHICH HAS NOW BEEN SET ASIDE.

The divorce court of North Dakota has at last arisen in all its might and reversed one of its own decrees, with the result that a Kansas City man who thought he was free is caught in the matrimonial slip noose tighter than ever, and the wife has now a chance to get a divorce herself. The man in the case is Clint Sickle and he was married on June 15, 1883, to Miss Minnie Roberts, daughter of a very well-known merchant. He had a past of which his wife knew nothing. She would be ignorant yet were it not for the divorce proceedings. Sickle's past was linked with that of Maud Maston, whose fortune was snug and whose position in society was excellent, inasmuch as her late father had been a millionaire and a respected member of the Kansas City community.

At the time of the wedding Miss Maston was attending a boarding school in the East, whither she had been sent by a father who discovered the little arrangement which existed between her and Clint. The news of the marriage had the effect of almost prostrating her and it was some time before she recovered from the shock.

She returned in about a year and boldly declared her intention of parting the newly married pair. She went slow for awhile, however, and no suspicion was aroused. She managed to meet Sickle, who did not seem at all averse to kindling the old flame, and their intimacy was renewed. The closer the bulky Maud got to the dapper Clint the further away he pulled from Minnie until, finally, the liaison got so flagrant that people began to talk. They made many engagements and, on warm summer afternoons, they used to drive out into the woods beyond Westport to hold sweet converse about love's young dream and other things.

Sickle's mother lived then at 1225 Michigan avenue, and the couple often met there. There was a young woman in the game who acted as a go-between, doing the telephoning and carrying the notes. Maud Maston once presented her with a handsome \$65 fur cape for her kindness.

After a while Maud was married to Willis H. Braham, who kept a drug store on Main street. The match pleased the old folks immensely and it was a typical wedding in high life, and it took columns of space in the daily papers to describe it in all its gorgeousness. Maud cared very little for Braham, however. She boldly renewed the intrigue with Sickle only a few months after marriage and almost under Braham's eyes.

The following year Clint ran a drug store near Twelfth and Oak, and Maud would sometimes slyly slip down there late at night to see her former friend. Once it was so late that she had to ring the night bell, which was responded to by Clint in his night clothes, and she disappeared inside.

Another trysting place was a studio on an upper floor of the Deardorf building. Early in 1893 the tiresome Maud and the gay Clint left Kansas City for Minneapolis.

Shortly before leaving Clint borrowed a bicycle from George S. Sutphen, who died in a Walnut street saloon recently from an overdose of morphine. Maud and Clint afterward left Minneapolis for Chicago, where they spent a couple of months at the World's Fair.

In October, 1893, Clint went up to Duluth, leaving Maud at Chicago. While there he was stricken with a spell of remorse and wired his wife here to sell her household goods and go up there. Maud unexpectedly appeared in Duluth, however, the next day, which made Clint change his mind and he telegraphed his wife again, cancelling his first dispatch.

The queer couple later left Duluth for Wahpeton, N. D., where they at first settled down in a cottage as brother and sister.

Maud is a very large woman, weighing over 200 pounds. She has three children, the eldest a girl of 7. Sickle has two children, a girl of 11 and a boy of 6 years.

Sickle once sent his brother Sam to Mrs. Sickle offering her \$5,000, which Maud would put up, if she would agree not to contest a divorce suit which Clint would bring against her, so that he and Maud would thereby be left free to marry in short order. The offer was curtly declined, but the suit was brought anyhow in the Circuit Court at Wahpeton, N. D., in February, 1894.

At the same time Mrs. Braham brought a similar suit there against her husband, and a bargain was apparently struck with him satisfactorily, for he failed to fight the case and seemed to be flush with funds thereafter. He was in Minneapolis then, where he also ran a store, and sold out his Kansas City drug store a few months later. He made a great bluff then about defending the case, but it was all for effect. It was the same way when Maud and Clint were detected by him in what seemed to be a clear case of adultery in his own home at Minneapolis. They were indicted by the Grand Jury, but the case afterward fell through.

Last June Sickle got the coveted divorce from his wife, through the alleged duplicity of the latter's counsel at Wahpeton. She afterwards employed a Kansas City attorney. He went up to North Dakota and filed suit to set aside the divorce, alleging that Mrs. Sickle's

former counsel had no right to withdraw her answer and cross-bill. The judge refused to set aside the divorce, and the lawyer at once appealed to the Supreme Court, which at Bismarck, N. D., recently reversed the lower court, as already stated.

The result of the decision is that Mr. and Mrs. Sickle are still husband and wife. There is a suit pending in North Dakota, brought by Mrs. Sickle against Maud for \$50,000 damages for alienating the affections of her husband and it is probable she will win it. Such suits are extremely rare, that is when against a woman. If won, there won't be much trouble collecting it for Maud is one of the four heirs to the rich estate valued at over \$1,500,000, left by her father a few years ago.

DANCING IN BLOOMERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The girls of Chicago have broken loose from the conventional costume, and have broken out in bloomer dances. The latest was a bloomer affair held at Jackson Park recently, and the occasion was one of the most unique, as well as delightful, dances that could be imagined. It was a "Bloomer Ball," and probably the first one ever given.

The bloomer girl has been in calm and absolute possession of the boulevards all summer, but even the boldest never dared stray far away from her faithful steed, which was the only excuse she has before possessed for dressing in the garments of the historic Amelia Bloomer. But the night of the ball the bloomer girl declared for independence, struck off the shackles of time-honored tradition, and declared the emancipation of the bloomer. The wheels were left either ignominiously at home in the woodshed or handed over to a park attendant. The girl in bloomers calmly forgot the mandate of society that bloomers and bicycles were twins, and marched into the ball-room and danced the hours away without even a thought of the poor forsaken "bike."

Two hundred carriages, cabs, buggies and traps jammed the driveway, while the people on foot crowded six deep around the open sides of the big building.

The dancers began arriving about 8 o'clock. The traditional carriage and flowers were conspicuous only by not being there, for the waiters came on foot, street cars, or, like Daisy Bell and her young man, on a bicycle built for two.

At 8:30 o'clock the soft, persuasive music of the



HIS WIFE DIDN'T KNOW, YOU KNOW.

waltz began, but at first there was just a bit of hesitancy all around. Everybody said to everybody else:

"You go; why, you're not afraid."

And then everybody else said to everybody:

"Of course not; are you?"

But just the same no one started, and Hyde Park and Woodlawn held their breaths and waited in terrible suspense.

And then Miss Minnie Burielt and Mr. H. Montgomery Fuller glided out under the full glare of the calcium lights, amidst deafening applause, and the bloomer girl had won. Soon forty couples were on the floor and the scene was a most animated one.

L. J. F. IAEGER AND HIS DOGS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

There are very few people in Arizona Territory who don't know Jaeger, the owner of the sporting house, The Place, at Yuma, Arizona. Mr. Jaeger began his sporting life when but a young lad and has been very successful; he is also the owner of a large horse ranch on the Colorado River, and interested in rich mining properties both in California and Arizona, and he is called by the Mexican miners "King Louis."

WOMAN'S WICKEDNESS!

FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, No. 19. A story from actual life, dealing with the Fidelity, Frailty and Vanity of a Lovely, Fascinating, but Wicked Woman, by Georges Ohnet. Elegantly and artistically illustrated with Half-Tones and Pen Drawings. Price by mail, 50 cents. Sent to any address, securely wrapped, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.

ANOTHER BRIDGE JUMPER.

King Callahan, of New York,
Makes a Successful Leap

FROM THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

Performed the Feat For a Big Wager
Made by His Employer.

WITNESSES WERE THERE TO SEE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Bridge jumping is looking up and the fall crop is ex-

down an instant and saw two boats below. A few hundred feet away was a tug having a couple of mudsows in tow. They were coming down the river, and in a moment would be under the bridge.

The bridge jumper had his back towards them, and if he did not leap at once the chances were in favor of striking them.

He wavered only an instant. It was then exactly 6 o'clock.

"Look out!" he yelled, and then leaped out into space. As he flew through the air he assumed a perfectly straight position, with the small balloons fluttering above his shoulders. Then he seemed to lean backward, and struck the water on his heels at an angle of about 30 degrees.

The concussion could be heard on either side of the river.

Callahan looked as if he was being rocked in a cradle of water for an instant and then sank from sight. Finally one bladder appeared and a moment later the jumper's head could be seen bobbing with the waves as the boat made towards him. He was partially paralyzed and did not appear to be able to swim. When the boat reached him and McGorry caught him by the neck of his shirt Callahan lost consciousness. It looked as if it was a dead body that was being rescued. McGorry poured some whiskey into the jumper's mouth and ordered the boatman to row to the Dover street wharf. By the time the boat reached there Callahan had recovered and was able to climb up to the wharf unassisted.

"I have a pain here," he said, placing his hand over his heart. "Great Scott, but that was a jump!" Then he began expectorating blood.

In the meantime the bridge policemen were running frantically about. They yelled to each other and pointed to the water below.

Finally Officer Patrick Doyle telephoned from the tower to Patrolman John T. Farrell at the New York entrance, and he made rapid strides down Frankfort street and arrested Callahan and McGorry as they were about to enter a cab.

They were taken to the Oak street police station, where Callahan was examined by Ambulance Surgeon Sanger of the Hudson Street Hospital, who ordered his removal to the hospital.

Callahan complained of severe pains in the region of the heart and lungs but otherwise seemed to be all right.

"I made the jump on a wager of \$1,700," he said, "and have fairly won it. It was a funny feeling going down. I had lost my breath by the time I struck the water and remember nothing after seeing the boat coming towards me."

Callahan is a well built young fellow, stands 5 feet 7 inches and weighs 165 pounds. He has black croppy hair and dark gray eyes. The height he jumped from is 135 feet.

In the police station Callahan was highly complimented by many of the officers for his bravery.

THREW HER FROM THE TRAIN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Harry Pruden, an employee of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company at Pittsburgh, Pa., is charged with having made a dastardly attempt to murder his wife, Mary, recently, by throwing her from a passenger train on the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Torrington station.

Although Mrs. Pruden is badly cut about the head, face and body, her escape from instant death under the wheels of the train is considered almost miraculous. Pruden escaped.

Mrs. Pruden was invited to a lawn fete. She lives at No. 135 Second avenue. She and her husband were separated. She was accompanied by a friend. Her husband and a companion were at the fete. Late in the evening Pruden met his wife, resurrected some old scores against her and declared he would have revenge.

When they boarded the train for home Mrs. Pruden had to stand on the crowded platform of the car. She says her husband came out of the car, braced himself against the side of the door and tried to force her off with his foot. Finding that he could not accomplish his purpose in that manner, he wrenched her hands loose and threw her headlong from the train. She struck on the ballast head first and rolled along on the ground for several feet. She screamed when she fell and this attracted the attention of the train men. The train was immediately stopped and the woman found lying between the tracks in a dazed condition and bleeding from a half dozen cuts on her head and face.

ANNIE WALTMAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Miss Annie Waltman is one of the bright lights of the burlesque stage. She has appeared with success with the Lilly Clay and May Howard companies and with the Golden Crook, at Philadelphia, Pa. She is the leading lady with McCluskey & Hargraves French Folly Company for the coming season.

PETER B. LANG

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Every bartender is popular during the hot weather. Nothing can stop the great wave of popularity which almost smother them. Peter Lang is all right. He stands at the head of the line, and that is the reason he is behind Louis Frey's bar at 184 Walnut street Cincinnati, O. He's a drink mixer, par excellence.

GOOD? "YOU BET."

Her Love Her Rains. By Adolph Behar, the celebrated French writer. No. 3 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, created a sensation in Paris. With 80 illustrations drawn by special artists. Sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

WOES OF A JERSEY LOVER.

Mr. Watkinson, of Freehold,
Courtied Without Reason.

HIS PATH OF LOVE ROCKY.

Was Engaged to one Girl, Robbed Two
Others, Married the Fourth One.

HE'S IN JAIL THINKING IT OVER.

There is a young man in Freehold, N. J., who is just about now wishing there were no women in the world. But he is a little late in the game. He ought to have dropped to the cussedness of the woman game long ago. If he had, he would to-day be a happier man. He wouldn't have been in jail, either. And besides, he wouldn't have four women, one of whom is his wife, camping on his trail and only waiting for his case to come up in court, so they could give him the worst of it. The whole trouble with this very much troubled young man was that he couldn't seem to centre his affections. He really didn't know what he wanted in the feminine way, and the result was that he jilted his first love and borrowed an engagement ring to give as a love token to the second. No self-respecting woman, or any other kind of a woman, likes to be jilted. It hurts their pride as well as their feelings. And when three jilted women get together and begin to talk over their wrongs, the best thing the author of them can do is to get out of town, and get out quick. Young Mr. Watkinson didn't do this, and in not doing so he showed that he was not only foolish, but egotistical. He forgot that old chestnut about a woman scorned.

Besides, he gave himself away, and like a babbling brook he told how he had robbed two of the young women. Then the authorities got down to work and hustled him into jail. A Philadelphia paper calls Mr. Watkinson the most picturesque and versatile idiot who was ever turned loose in Freehold, and there seems to be some grounds for this sweeping statement. He worked in the George Pearce Bicycle Lamp and Saddle Factory as a regular business, and "boarded round" and made love during his spare time. He first devoted himself to Miss Belle Van Doren, and after a while she gave him her ring to wear. He, having nothing else, repaid her in affection.

That he was a gay deceiver no one suspected, not even his fellow boarders at Wm. P. Hoffman's. There, as elsewhere, affection was accepted as par.

Watkinson began to work out his own destruction very recently. He sneaked into the bedroom of Miss Melina and Beanie Hoffman, the trusting daughters of the man in whose house he lived, pocketed \$42 and departed, saying incidentally that he was going to Manassquan.

The girls missed the money late that night, and, all other theories failing, Boarder Watkinson was suspected, and the hue and cry after that engaging person was begun.

It only required a brief investigation to discover that Miss May Reid, one of Freehold's belles, whom he had made love to on numerous walks and rambles, was also missing, and that Boarder Watkinson, instead of going to Manassquan, had hired a buggy at Charles Dubois' livery stable and taken the trail for New Egypt with Miss Reid as an affectionate passenger.

While Freehold was regaining its breath at this astounding discovery a stranger arrived from "up New Egypt way." He was surrounded in a minute.

"Seen anything of a young man and a girl and a roan horse and buggy up your way?" Fourteen men asked him that question at once.

"Well," he said, slowly, "I seen a feller and a girl going for a parson to git married jist as I left Egypt. Think his name was Watkinson an' he druv a sorrel mare."

Constable Dan'l Parker "hitched up" and got under way for "Egypt," leaving the rest of Freehold to get the agonizing particulars from the stranger.

He missed the happy Watkinson and his bride, but he heard that they had returned to Freehold. They had indeed come back again and were making merry at the home of the new Mrs. Watkinson, all ignorant of the trouble in store for them—all except Watkinson, at least, and he wasn't crossing any bridges until he came to them.

With breakfast a few days ago came Constable Dan'l Parker. He promptly arrested Watkinson, and that worthy not only admitted his guilt, but said he had just made up his mind that he had been a bit reckless and was thinking of flight.

The constable led Boarder Watkinson to jail, leaving his bride of a day inconsolable. Then Freehold began to say things about the young man who was the cause of all this.

The town quickly divided into three factions, who viewed his guilt from different standpoints. One stoutly asserted that the theft of \$42 from the Hoffman girls

was the worst feature. Another sympathized with Miss Van Doren, and the third and largest number of complainants said "Wat" ought to be tarred and feathered for deceiving Miss Reid and persuading her to elope with him.

While the subject of all these criticisms was thinking it over in jail, Miss Van Doren arrived and demanded the ring he had borrowed from her before all these things had begun to happen. He returned the bauble with as much grace as the circumstances allowed, and she hurried away.

Watkinson has decided to enter a formal plea of guilty and get it over with as soon as possible.

The Hoffmans are the angriest of Watkinson's victims, for it was their money that paid the parson to marry the boarders they had trusted.

YOUNG HERMAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Expansionists are not plentiful; at any rate the sort like Young Herman are not. He can expand his chest 16 inches and his stomach 17 inches, truly a remarkable feat. He is a chain and rope breaker as well.

CHAMPION DIVER LLOYD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A recent arrival from England is Prof. Lloyd, the acknowledged champion high diver of Great Britain. He came here for the purpose of making a match but he has not yet been successful. He wants to dive off the Brooklyn bridge and swim to Ellis Island, a distance of four miles, against any man in the world for a wager of \$1,000. Some of the feats he has accomplished are as follows:

Dived from Menai bridge, North Wales, on June 2, 1890, from the height of 110 feet into 9 feet of water. Dived from Southport Pier, July 4, 1893, for championship of the world, height 150 feet, into the open sea. Broke the record on September 22, 1893, in swimming in clothes, by swimming in a full suit of clothes, 4½ miles in 55 minutes. Dived from the mast-head of the Steamer Great Emperor, in 1894, into the open sea, height 70 feet. First dive into the Manchester Ship Canal, from the Steamer America, in 1893, height 60 feet. Saved life at Southport Pier, September 9, 1894. Dived from the Liverpool Overhead Railway train while in motion, running at the rate of 14 miles



TOLD HER HIS LOVE BY THE BROOKSIDE.

per hour, and had to clear a wall of 16 feet, into the Collingwood Dock, on May 3, 1895, height 70 feet, against Tommy Burns for the championship. Dived from the North Union Railway bridge at Preston, into the River Ribble on May 6, 1895, height 70 feet, depth of water 5 feet.

ROUTED THE TRAMP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Louise Bogart, of San Bernardino, Cal., doesn't like tramps. She had an experience with one of the road knights recently, which has made her a heroine in the eyes of the neighbors. Her parents were out and she and her younger sister were entertaining some company. Shortly after 10 o'clock a rough-looking man came upon the porch and laid down in a hammock.

The children retreated into the house and fastened the doors. Miss Louise then ordered the hobo to move away, which he insolently refused to do. She then secured a rifle and stood guard at the glass door. The tramp tried to effect an entrance, but was threatened with a shot and desisted, but said: "Well, why don't you shoot?"

After a lengthy parley the tramp finally started for the street, when the girl stepped out on the threshold to see if he went away. Seeing this the tramp turned to come back again. The intrepid girl then raised her rifle and fired. The tramp at once took to his heels, running wildly down the street.

GAY LIFE IN PARIS!

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ENDED HER YOUNG LIFE.

Lillie Low, a Pretty New York
Girl, Her Own Destroyer.

HER LIFE WAS A ROMANCE.

All of Her Brothers and Sisters had
been Killed by a Morbid Mother.

SHE WAS LURED FROM HER FATHER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The story of the suicide of Lillie Low, the young woman who killed herself in the woods on Washington Heights, N. Y., recently, is as romantic a one as was ever created in the imaginative brain of a novelist. The spot the girl chose to end her life is one seldom travelled. It is part of the estate of the late William H. Hayes, and there is an old mansion not far away, which is now in the custody of a caretaker. Not far away are Tow's greenhouses, and there is the house occupied by William Moran, who attends to the greenhouses. The police are the only persons who ever frequent the vicinity. Mounted Policeman Patrick J. Reilly, of the 152d street station, the girl.

His first glance revealed the tiny hole in the right side of the girl's forehead, and the color of her face indicated that she had been long dead. Between her

had been living the life of a married woman, and had been, it was thought, assaulted just before death.

As a result of the remarkable statements warrants were issued for the arrest of the Hanson woman, Dr. T. J. Biggs and Henry T. Champney, and they were taken into custody by Capt. Pickett.

Mr. Low, the father of the dead girl, is the son of the late James Low, president of the United States Trust Company, and his sister is Mrs. Oliver Harriman, one of the leaders of New York society."

MEETING OF THE ATHLETES.

Championships of the Metropolitan Association
Held at Syracuse in the Rain.

All the wealth of moisture of which Jupiter Pluvius is capable were poured out upon the heads of the athletes at Kirk Park, Syracuse, last Saturday, when they met to fight for the championships of the year. In all there were seventeen events, comprising the championships of the Metropolitan Association of the A. A. U., which were run off with the mud ankle deep. Rain began falling at 10 o'clock, so that by noon the clay bed of Kirk Park track looked like a young stream.

Mr. Sam Austin, the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, was present to judge the walking.

Nevertheless, most of the events were fought out on their merits. Tommy T. Lee was the 100 and 220 yard champion, but the race D. E. Coville, of Syracuse, gave him in the 100-yard dash was enough to send the cold chills up the spinal column of the New York crack.

Lee got away a foot ahead of Coville, which distance the latter made up at the fifty yard post. Lee heard him coming and put on an extra head of steam. Coville was there also. Going to the tape Lee managed to forge ahead by eighteen inches.

One Hundred Yard Dash.—T. I. Lee, N. Y. A. C., first; D. E. Coville, S. A. A., second; K. W. Seidler, N. J. A. C., third. Time, 19 4/5 seconds.

One Mile Walk.—S. Liebigold, Pastime A. C., first; L. Liebigold, N. J. A. C., second; David Fox, Pastime A. C., third. Time, 8 minutes 1 1/2 seconds.

One Hundred and Twenty Yard Hurdle Race (3 feet 6 inches).—Steven Chase, N. Y. A. C., first; John Congrove, Ridgefield A. C., second; T. J. Tarry, Rochester A. C., third. Time 16 seconds.

Four Hundred and Forty Yard Run.—George Sanda, N. Y. A. C., first; George H. Frie, Rochester A. C., second; Jerome Busk, Pastime A. C., third. Time, 52 2/5 seconds.

Two Mile Bicycle Race.—Harry L. Connolly, Rochester A. C., first; W. G. Douglass, N. Y. A. C., second; A. E. Hughes, Syracuse A. C., third. Time, 7 minutes 2 1/2 seconds.

One Mile Run.—T. P. Connolly, N. Y. A. C., first; A. J. Walsh, Xavier A. C., second; George Daymarsh, Pastime A. C., Syracuse, third. Time, 4 minutes 4 3/5 seconds.

Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Dash.—T. I. Lee, New York A. C., first; E. W. Seidler, New Jersey A. C., second; D. E. Coville, Syracuse A. A., third. Time, 0:33 4/5 seconds.

Putting 16-Pound Shot.—James B. Mitchell, New York A. C., first, 40 feet 6 inches; G. Wentrick, Pastime A. C., second, 39 feet 4 inches; John Shans, Syracuse A. A., third, 37 feet 4 inches.

Pole Vault.—H. H. Baxter, New York A. C., first, height 10 feet 6 inches; O. Kallusich, Rochester A. C., second, height 8 feet 10 inches.

Running High Jump.—M. F. Sweeney, Xavier A. C., first, height 6 feet; John Congrove, Ridgefield A. C., second, height 5 feet 11 inches; George B. Becker, Syracuse A. C., third, height 5 feet 9 inches.

Throwing 16-Pound Hammer.—James B. Mitchell, New York A. C., first, distance 129 feet 9 inches; G. Wentrick, Pastime A. C., second, distance 123 feet 2 1/2 inches; W. H. Hoey, Rochester A. C., third, distance 82 feet 9 1/2 inches.

Three Mile Walk.—S. Liebigold, Pastime A. C., first; L. Liebigold, N. J. A. C., second; David Fox, Pastime A. C., third. Time, 37 minutes 4 2/5 seconds.

220-Yard Hurdle Race (2 feet 6 inches).—E. W. Sweeney, N. Y. A. C., first; L. F. Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., second; B. Chase, N. Y. A. C., third. Time, 28 4/5 seconds.

Running Broad Jump.—L. F. Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., first, distance 21 feet; M. F. Sweeney, Xavier A. C., second, distance 20 feet 2 inches; Robert T. Lyons, third, 19 feet 6 inches.

Throwing 56-Pound Weight, for distance.—James B. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., first, distance 35 feet 9 inches; G. Wentrick, Pastime A. C., second, distance 31 feet 1 inch; W. H. Hoey, Rochester A. C., third, distance 30 feet 7 1/2 inches.

Five-Mile Run.—George W. Orton, N. Y. A. C., first; George Hollander, Pastime A. C., second; Louis Liebigold, N. J. A. C., third. Time, 39 minutes 45 3/5 seconds.

SLOOP RICHARD K. FOX SIGHTED.

The German steamer Taormina, Capt. Reinhold, which arrived at New York July 27, from Hamburg, reported that on July 23, in latitude 43.10, longitude, 54.20, she fell in with the small sailboat Richard K. Fox, bound for Queenstown. When first sighted the little craft appeared to be a buoy adrift, but on getting closer, she proved to be the Richard K. Fox, with "Police Gazette" in black letters on her mainmast. Capt. McCullum, apparently, must have lost his reckoning, as he was steering west when sighted.

The wind was northwest and there was a light breeze and fine weather at the time. Capt. McCullum waved his hat in order to attract the attention of the Taormina's crew, and when within hailing distance reported all well on board, but wanted to know his position, which Capt. Reinhold gave him.

The Richard K. Fox not being in need of any further assistance the Taormina proceeded on her voyage. It was apparently the dog's watch on board the Fox, as when the vessels spoke each other Capt. McCullum's dog sprang to the bow and barked furiously at the steamer. The Richard K. Fox sailed from New York June 13 for Queenstown, and has been forty-eight days out.

Valkyrie III left Gourock, Scotland, on the 27th inst. for this country where she will contest for the America's cup with Defender. The bon voyage of the English boat was a most hearty one. Her skipper expects to do the passage in from sixteen to twenty days.

WORE A MOTHER HUBBARD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For what is technically known as "violating a city ordinance," Kate Smith was arrested recently in Cleveland, Ohio. It seems that the spirit of unrest possessed Kate, and she made up her mind rather hastily to take a walk around the city in hopes of calming herself. She likewise made up her toilet hastily, and that is what got her into trouble. While parading the street in a scant Mother Hubbard, she was seen and arrested by one of the watchful guardians of the safety, physical and moral, of the public. She was fined \$6.40 for her escapade.

MAN'S WORST ENEMY!

An Unfaithful Wife. By Paul de Kock, one of the most famous French authors, No. 10 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Illustrated with 50 unique pictures. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, to any address, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.

right arm and the body, where it had fallen after the fatal shot, was a revolver, each chamber, except one upon which the trigger had fallen, containing a 32-calibre cartridge.

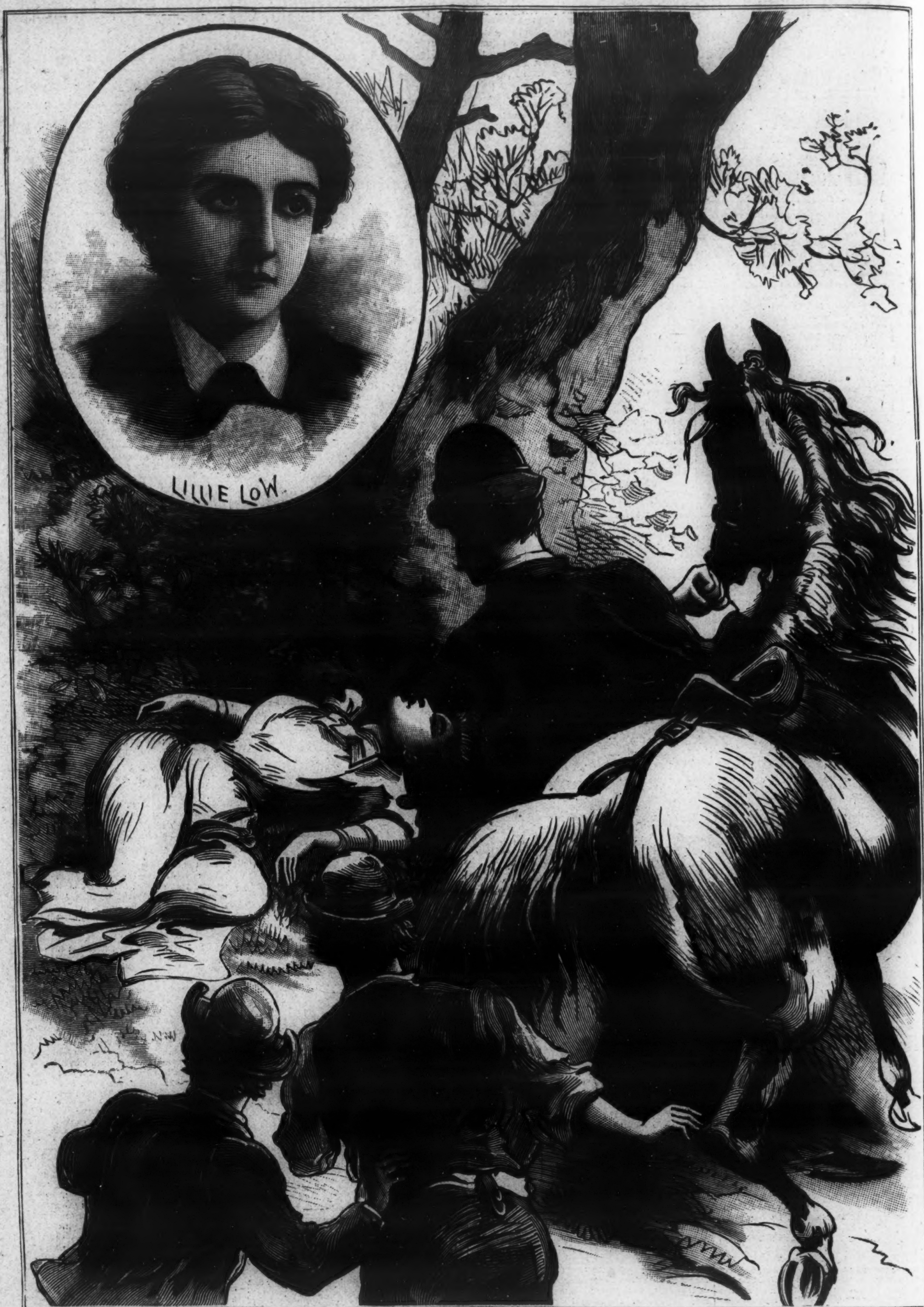
The body was taken to the morgue where it was visited by hundreds of persons. Later on the day it was found it was identified by her aged father James Low, Jr., who, when he had composed himself sufficiently to talk, told a story of how his girl had been lured away from him. He said her mother was a French woman who had murdered five of her children. He brought Lillian to this country and they boarded with Miss A. K. Hanson, a French-Canadian, at 34 West Thirty-second street.

In his statement made to the police Mr. Low said: "I found that this Hanson woman was for some reason or other endeavoring to gain some influence over my daughter, and in this she was assisted by a man named Champney, who seemed to be very intimate with Miss Hanson, and also by Dr. T. J. Biggs, who lived in the house."

"When I decided to leave the house, I remember that Miss Hanson said to my daughter, 'Lilly, if you ever want a friend or ever need any place to live, come to me at once.' We packed up our things and moved to this house, where I am now, No. 141 West Thirty-fourth street. This was on the last day of last August."

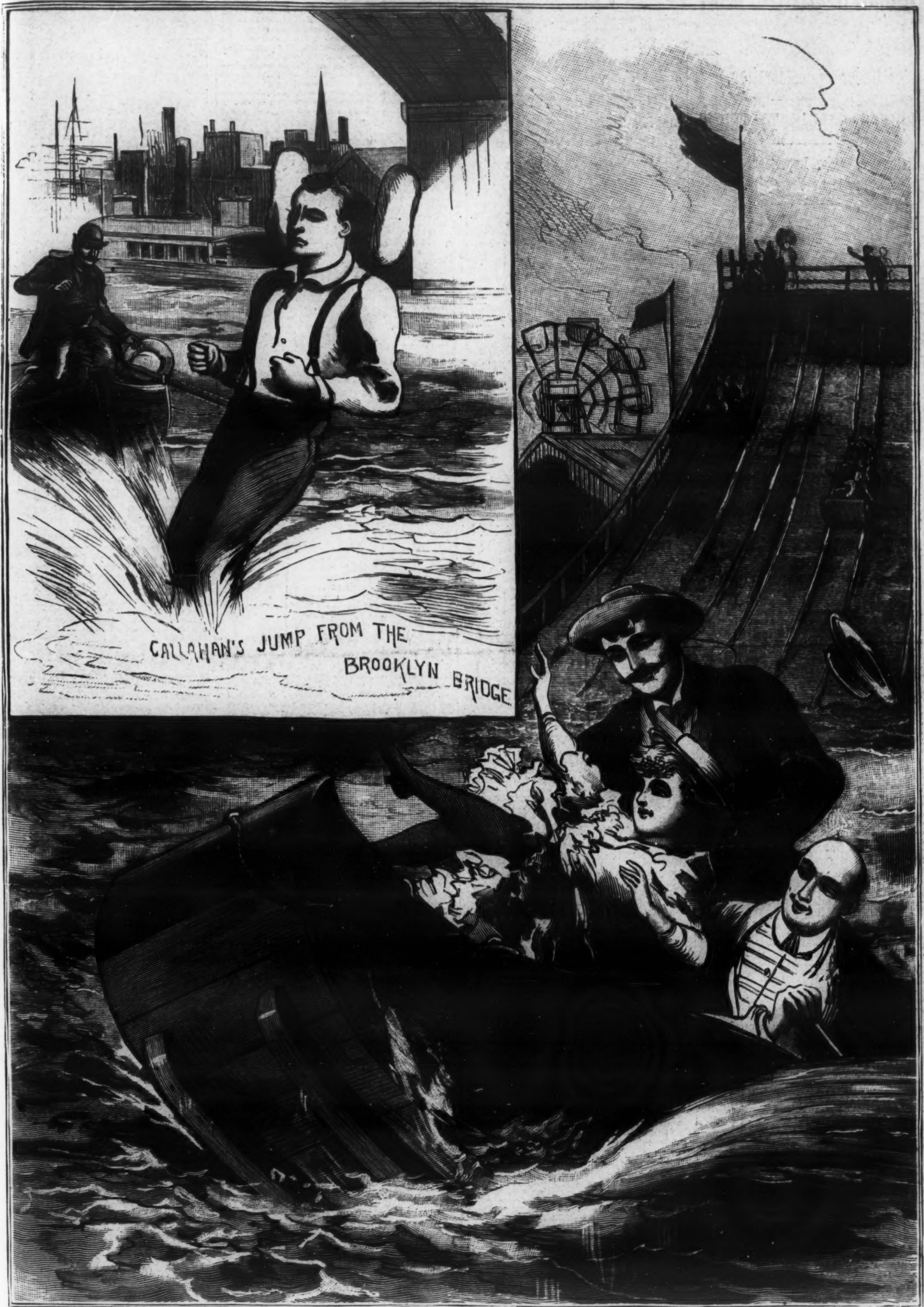
"After that I was ill with the grip for a long while, and one morning when I awoke my girl was gone. I found she had gone to Miss Hanson's house."

According to the statement of the Coroner the suicide



ENDED HER YOUNG LIFE.

LILLIE LOW, A BEAUTIFUL NEW YORK GIRL, WHO HAD BEEN LURED FROM HOME DESTROYS HERSELF IN THE WOODS ON WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.



CALLAHAN'S JUMP FROM THE
BROOKLYN BRIDGE

HAVE YOU SHOT THE CHUTE?

CAPTAIN PAUL BOYTON'S WATER-WAY AT CONEY ISLAND WELL PATRONIZED BY THE SPORTY GIRLS AND BOYS WHO ARE LOOKING FOR NEW SENSATIONS.

STUART'S LITTLE BLUFF.

Takes the Galveston Offer
Under Consideration.

BRINGS DALLAS TO TERMS.

Matters of Minor Importance Interest
the Fistic Fraternity.

BALL-PUNCHING HAS BECOME AN ART.

As a projector of pugilistic enterprises, Mr. Dan A. Stuart's experience may begin and end with the now pending affair in Texas, but whether it does or not, he has shown grit and nerve under many trying conditions, and in the midst of it all has gone along "plugging" the affair as a land boomers alone can "plug."

As a boomers, Mr. Stuart is entitled to a very large slice of the proverbial cake, and if Dallas loses anything by reason of its connection with the big fight, it will not be for lack of schemes to keep the city, its citizens, its affairs and the fact that it will be the scene of the contest, continually before the people of the country.

It is hinted that the hostile attitude towards the big fight which has manifested itself at intervals, cropping out now in the form of indignation meetings, again in adverse opinions emanating from the Attorney General of the State, pastorate opposition, etc., etc., were really incidents of the scheme to keep the affair before the public. The latest feature of the affair came in the form of a wild desire on the part of the enterprising citizens of Galveston to secure the fight for that city. This gave Stuart a cherished opportunity to show the people of Dallas, who were really opposed to the fight, that they were making a really serious mistake. He gave them a bit of a scare, too, by way of excitement. He pretended to have the proposition to transfer the fight to Galveston under consideration, and really went so far as to take a trip to the Island City, presumably to confer with the people who wanted to take hold of it.

The more consideration of the Galveston scheme gave the Dallas objectors a shock, for Stuart had hardly embarked on the train, headed for Galveston, before a business men's mass meeting was called to protest against holding the fight anywhere but in Dallas. The opposition had spent its force and the spirit of the tar-heeled Texas was broken. The mass meeting was attended by 400 of Dallas' best known citizens, business men and city officials, including the Mayor. There was a unity of sentiment. Dallas must have the fight and the half dozen speeches were filled with protests against making any other city in Texas the scene of such an eventful episode. Then came the resolutions, voted upon without a dissenting voice. The sentiment of the people of Dallas is contained therein as follows:

"We it resolved, that we, merchants, citizens and residents of the city of Dallas, appreciating the immediate beneficial results likely to arise and directly accrue from the holding of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons glove contest in our city, bringing, as it assuredly would, thousands of visitors to Dallas from all parts of the United States and Europe, and giving to Dallas a prominence such as could not arise from any other source, and calling world-wide attention to the city, thereby attracting attention to and full investigation of the wealth, importance and stability of growth of the city as the centre of the richest portion of the State; and at the time of the Texas State Fair and Dallas Exposition, displaying the fact that no section of any State offers more magnificent opportunities for investments and immigration than do the counties contributory to the 'pride of Texas,' the city of Dallas, in whose best material welfare we are interested directly and entirely, urge that no other city be allowed to secure it. The contest itself will draw many thousands of dollars into immediate circulation; it will result in the city being the very centre of the whole world's attention for weeks to come; it will give rise to inquiries from all sources concerning the city and the State, which can only result advantageously, for there are no worthy competitors for future development to contest with the Lone Star and its young cities. For us to use every effort and untold work to the end that this great exhibition may be held in our city, and at the splendidly opportune time suggested, is, beyond question, to secure such an enormous advertisement of our city as no other similar expenditure could secure. We untold and individually urge prompt and efficient action to prevent any possible loss of the immense benefits which must result, and to assure the successful outcome of the present propositions. It is imperatively needed by the city; will be a grand benefit to our State, and will, in some measure, aid all other cities within our borders."

These are the kind of sentiments that go with gold frames as specimens of the engraver's art.

Stuart, however, didn't give the business "push" a chance to get away with all the gilt-edged glory, for he comes back at them with an estimate of what Dallas would lose by letting the fight slip away to Galveston. He quotes from an interview with Mr. Spillane, of the Committee representing Galveston. Mr. Spillane, in his argument, says:

"Of course, there are some persons who are unalterably opposed to contests like the proposed Corbett-Fitzsimmons one. All the arguments that a modern Cincinnatus could bring forth would not alter them. They are honest in their opinions and are entitled to them, but as a bald business proposition, there is nothing that would bring more immediate benefits to Galveston and turn more money into her hands than to have the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight right here on our sea-girt Isle."

"If you will stop to consider a few moments you will appreciate what Galveston will receive and retain as a result of having these men meet here. The lowest estimate that I have heard of the number of persons who will attend the contest is 10,000. Mr. Stuart figures on 50,000. Strike a medium and put it at 35,000. It is a fallacy to think that the rag-tag of society attend these big fights. One-third of the men who attended the Corbett-Mitchell contest went to Jacksonville in special Pullman cars. The Galveston delegation that went to the Sullivan-Corbett bout, I am informed, traveled in a chartered train and every man in the party was a solid business representative. They went on pleasure bent and they spent their money freely. That is the keynote of the whole thing. The men who go to these contests are the great men of our people who are spiritedly inclined and who can afford to pay for their enjoyment."

"Every man who attends the Corbett-Fitzsimmons contest will spend on an average \$50 in the city where the meeting takes place. If we get the 'go' and 35,000 persons visit the town, that means more than a million of dollars to be spent here. It is pretty conservative to estimate that one quarter of this sum would be clear profit. Hotels raise their rates when there is such a carnival as the Corbett-Fitzsimmons affair held in a city, and all the other merchants follow suit. Think of what the visitation of a delegation of 35,000 free spending people would mean for us. How many leaves of bread would they consume? How many quarts of beef? How many bushels of potatoes? How many ears of corn? How many cups of coffee? I might go on enumerating for a long time, but it is not only the hotel man, the boarding-house keeper, the butcher, the baker and the grocer who will be benefited, but the laundryman, the barber, the haberdasher, and who not? Add don't forget the wives of the merchants. More money for the dealer means more dresses and clothes for the wives and children and more luxuries for the homes. The banks will have bills of exchange to handle for the visitors and drafts to cash. Everybody is a gainer, directly or indirectly."

"Now, here is another point. The building of the amphitheatre would give employment to at least fifty men for nearly a month. It

would provide a building of which Galveston has long felt the need. Further than that, it would insure Galveston getting the next Democratic State Convention. That means more money for Galveston."

These were the arguments advanced by Stuart to bring Dallas to her senses; for when he issued his ultimatum, that Dallas and only Dallas would be the scene of the fight, it was received with glad smiles, wild applause and all the other little ceteras, that go with general approval.

And so Dallas will have the fight, or rather the fight, for I was present the other evening when Billy Smith's and Tommy Ryan's respective managers accepted Joe Vendig's offer of a \$5,000 purse to be fought for on November 1. There was a lot of talk and argument before the agreement was really effected. Messrs. Westcott and Davies' very properly considered that they had been slighted by Vendig's refusal to give Smith and Ryan as



DAN A. STUART.

much as he had offered for Pittman and Dixon, \$7,500. Vendig refused to compromise and the acceptance of \$5,000 gave him the cheapest as well as the best fight of the three now projected.

Fistic connoisseurs agree that no two men in the profession are more evenly matched than Smith and Ryan, and past experiences have demonstrated their ability to put up a great fight. People who love the sport of boxing, regardless of the men engaged, can look forward with keen anticipation of delight, to seeing these two men come together for the welterweight championship. It will be a flash fight, and will definitely settle the claims to superiority made by both men. It will be the first step toward an international fight in this class, for the winner will have an unquestioned right to demand a battle with Burge, the recognized champion of England. There is really as much dependant upon the outcome of this fight as upon the one between Corbett and Fitzsimmons, and considering the probability of its being a more pleasing spectacle than the affair between the big fellows I am of the opinion that the club might have displayed more generosity in its dealings with them.

O'Donnell and Maher might have been spared to give George Dixon or Kid Lavigne a chance to appear before the club. Dixon is matched now for \$2,500 a side in a bona fide affair against Tommy Dixon, of St. Paul. I am not prepared to argue the latter's right to be considered a legitimate claimant for featherweight championship honors; but one thing is certain, he has the confidence of people in the northwest who are prepared to back him as an even money chance, a fact that should be considered when his record is analyzed. Vendig, while reiterating his desire to have George Dixon, says he cannot stand for the St. Paul end of it and there you are.

Lavigne is unfortunate in not having an opponent with whom he might be justified in asking a purse from the enterprising Texans. Had McAdams been able to fight the settlement of the lightweight title might have been involved, but McAdams is not in fighting shape now and never will be again. His arm, injured when he fought Kotzger at Coney Island, has never healed, and it is a sure thing it will never be right enough to warrant its use in a ring encounter.

McAdams, however, refuses to relinquish his claim to the title of lightweight champion despite the fact that he knows he ought to add the prefix "ex" to it. By refusing to forfeit it he keeps good men from fighting for a title that is practically empty. He could well afford to abandon the honor, with the agreement that the best of two men fighting for it would give him a chance to reclaim it. This would be a generous act, more becoming than sending out acceptance of challenges that are contingent solely upon his ability to get his arm into working shape again.

George Green, professionally known as Young Corbett, has gone back to the Pacific Coast earlier, but wiser, perhaps, in his estimate of our Eastern pugilistic talent. That he was a disappointment to his manager, Billy Brady, must be admitted. He possessed none of the qualifications which entitled him to rank among the fistic lights. Had he been managed differently, nobody would ever have heard of him after his debut at Coney Island, but the brass band methods employed by Brady kept him prominently before the public and secured recognition for him while wretched men were forced to remain in the shadow. Green's reputation was of the fistic kind that is built upon sand, and his experience is useful in showing to what extent a clever manager can fool the people who patronize fights.

His victory over Shadow Maher in Baltimore, last week, will hardly bear analyzing. Maher is a gent of the shifty sort, who is not over careful of his fistic reputation, and none too conscientious about getting his money. He is willing to take the loss and if there is more to be made that way than in winning; and the consensus of opinion is that he purposely gave Green the victory, for what consideration dependent on such a result. It is openly asserted that he quit when he fought Billy Smith in Portland, Ore. The story goes that he was promised \$3,000 for going out. Nobody thought of an understanding he would stand the staff for more than four or five rounds, but he gave anxious sports in the know a succession of heart-breaking shocks by staying for 17 rounds, despite their earnest protests and admonitions to stay down every time he went to the floor. It is in consonance with the story to say that Maher never got the money that was promised him.

During the present interim of inactivity the members of the pugilistic coteries are interesting themselves in a new industry—ball punching. From a simple incident in the course of a pugilist's training, punching the bag has developed into a pugilistic accomplishment rich with possibilities, and as artists and scientists it can possibly be. Jim Corbett was the first to offer the game for public endorsement, and all the great boxers of the day were quick to take it up. In a few years bag punching has become an art, and its devotees are many. Bob Fitzsimmons for a long time divided with Corbett the honor of being the most accomplished exponent of the game; then along came Tommy Ryan, whom Farmer Davies offered to back for \$7,500 against anybody in the world; Kid Lavigne, who acquired his knowledge of the game from Tommy Ryan; Harry Pigeon, Joe Chopinski, Johnny Van Heest and a host of others; but the little man who, in the opinion of boxing critics, can put them all in the shade for pounding the leather

MEN YOU ALL KNOW!

The Colored Fighters from the time of Molineux to Peter Jackson. With numerous illustrations and portraits of all the prominent American and English colored pugilists. An interesting and valuable book. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 35 cents, by RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

sphere, is Jimmy Handier, of Newark, who learned the rudiments of the sport from Bob Fitzsimmons. Constant practice and the introduction of new tricks has enabled him to do more with a punching ball than any other boxer that I've ever seen. The ordinary bag puncher exhausts his ability in one 5-minute round, but Handier can box the ball for three rounds, constantly changing and varying his tricks and blows until the bewildered spectators wonder if there is anything left to be done. A genuine bag punching tournament would be a "cinch" for the Newark lad, and there is always a thousand dollars ready to back his claim to the title of champion.

Punching tournaments are an innovation, and being such, no rules have yet been devised to govern them. I can hardly see where rules could be applied to it, the sport appealing to the artistic sensibilities, unless the degree of neatness, style, execution, delivery and number of different blows could be made to count. A tournament, however, ought to be highly interesting to the lovers of boxing.

Away out in Oklahoma the people have evidently not yet been apprised of the fact that the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight has been settled to take place in Texas, judging from a letter just received from that energetic individual who signs himself "Flunkett."

My Dear Sir:—All over Oklahoma the weekly and daily papers are urging me to go to the front in the matter of pulling off the Corbett-Fitzsimmons contest in this Territory. Great interest is manifested in the matter since the telegraphic news has gone abroad that a pugilistic enterprise in Texas is a felony, punished by fine and imprisonment.

In view of the fact that our last Territorial Legislature came within one (1) vote of passing an athletic bill legalizing glove contests, that sports of all kinds are universally favored by our people, and that under the laws of Oklahoma prize contesting is only a misdemeanor, and as such, through public policy, ignored by our Territorial officials. I submit that there is no reason in common sense and business sagacity why the prize contest for supremacy between the champion of the world and Fitzsimmons should not take place here, where more satisfactory arrangements may be consummated than elsewhere in the Union.

The purse, expenses and accommodations are at hand. Oklahoma too, is more centrally located than Texas, with great railroads that have their terminal in the Lone Star State.

Better rates from the East, North and South may be had than will be possible in the event the contest takes place in Texas, where it would seem there is imminent danger of trouble for all concerned.

All hail to Dan Stewart, whether or not his grand efforts are crowned with success.

I take pleasure in stating that wherever I go R. E. Fox is praised in the highest terms, and right well he deserves it, for no man has done so much for all the sports known to athletics.

Yours very truly, R. E. FLUNKETT.

Fistic matters seem to be booming in Baltimore. A letter from that place tells me of the plans of the Eureka Athletic Club. New summer quarters have been opened at Point Breeze, four miles from the centre of the city. The new club house which has been completed has a large amphitheatre able to accommodate over 5,000 people. As a training quarter the club house cannot be excelled in the East, all modern conveniences have been placed in connection with the place, together with bath-houses, gymnasium and hand-ball court. The Eureka Club is easy of access and can be reached by several different car lines at different points of the city. The club management is open for the engagement of all prominent pugilistic stars.

The Riverside Club, however, is the most important factor in the fistic affairs of the Monumental City. Charley White, of Jackson Park, who was the first person to initiate the swell residents of Cork Row and Corlies Hook into the mysteries of the game of golf, is looking after the matches for the club and laying plans for some of the best fistic attractions to be had. Altogether things are looking well for Baltimore.

The friends of big "Jim" Kennedy, "the king

of matchmakers, prince of hustlers and boss ideal of rotundity," as he has been called, will be pleased to learn that he is again sitting astride of the war-crest, headed towards another success. When the Seaside Athletic Club was forced to close its doors, Kennedy was idle, but he did not remain so, for he interested his friends in a new pugilistic project with the result that a brand new club will open its doors on August 26. Arrangements have been perfected for the initial attraction. Lavigne and Handier are matched to fight under Kennedy's auspices, and the outlook for the smooth running of the affair is very promising.

I have every confidence in Kennedy's ability to handle any venture of a sporting character, and wish him every success in this one. New York needs a few live men of "big Jim's" type. He is in sport as much for sport's sake—more, in fact—than for the monetary gain involved, and his dealings are always fair, above-board and on the level.

Scene—A ring side. One man has been

punched groggy and the referee has interfered to prevent a knockout, when the master of ceremonies, in a dress suit, bounds into the ring. He said:

"Gentlemen: I desire very much on this most auspicious occasion to call your attention to the fact that there has just occurred a brief contest between two pugilistic luminaries. You will observe them in their respective corners, and you can easily distinguish them from the others by the fact that they are partially disrobed, and 'Give us a decision!' yelled a man with red whiskers.

"Order! And as you will notice if you use your lamps—I mean your monoculars, don't you know—you will see that one of the men has become so awfully temporarily incapacitated that it is impossible for him, even under the most favorable, delightful, balmy and auspicious circumstances, to continue to be able to do so."

He business, pulls from his inside pocket a book, the title of which is "Speeches for All Occasions" by the only man who can breathe through the top of his head, and after consulting it a moment, continues:

"This most distinguished gentleman on my right, who is called among us gentle who have sporting predilections, a referee, has caused this thing to cease, and has come to the conclusion that the young Swede—the man who did most of the punching—wins the bout."

Then the dress suit falls on the carpet and when it is picked up by the scrub lady half an hour later the man has disappeared.

What any other man would have said under the same circumstances:

"The referee gives the bout to the Swede."

SAM AUSTIN.

CORBETT'S FALL NOT SERIOUS.

A Washington, D. C., sporting man who spent two days last week at Jim Corbett's training quarters at Asbury Park, and who has just returned to this city, says that the bicycle accident to Corbett the other day is not likely to interfere in any way with his coming fight with Fitzsimmons because of the drily which it will make in his training. Corbett says that three weeks' constant work with the gloves and at his handball practice will put him in condition to fight for his life.

The champion believes he will defeat the Australian easily. He was never more confident in his life than when he met John L. Sullivan at New Orleans that he would defeat the big fellow handily, and he is equally confident of downing Fitzsimmons. He says that Fitzsimmons has everything to gain and nothing to lose by fighting him; that Fitzsimmons will be out of his class, but that there is always the possibility of the inferior man, in a scrifistic contest with gloves, defeating the superior man by a fluke. He does not underestimate Fitzsimmons' ability, but says frankly that the Australian is a clever man.

Corbett points to the fact, however, that he defeated the champion John L. Sullivan when the latter was supposed to be invincible and before any one had suggested that he was "stale"; that he defeated Charley Mitchell, the champion of England, and that he fought Peter Jackson to a standstill when he (Corbett) was a much younger and a less experienced ring general than he is now. Fitzsimmons, he says, has no such record.

Corbett will leave for Galveston on Oct. 15, and remain there until the day before the fight.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORTS

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John S. Barnes and J. W. Flynn will take a baseball team to England at the close of the season. Barnes and Flynn intend to spend their interest in the Minneapolis Western League club a few days ago.

Willis Troy deserves much credit for the well-conducted bicycle meets held at Manhattan Beach. There seems to be a tendency on the part of a number of ill-disposed persons to discourage rather than encourage him.

D. J. Llewellyn and F. J. Grimes, two young salesmen, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., arrived in New York on July 24, at 8:35 P. M., having walked from Wilkesbarre for a \$100 wager. They left the latter place on the previous Monday, at 9:30 A. M., and reached New York twenty-five minutes ahead of scheduled time.

Dick Duckwood, of Fall River, Mass., has posted \$35 at the Police Gazette office as forfeit to back Tom Jones, of Central Falls, R. I., against any wrestler in the country at from 130 to 175 pounds, catch-as-catch-can style. He mentions in the order of performance Joe Burns, Max Luitberg and Bobby Reaker.

Captain Anson in the game with the Philadelphia July 17 was hit in the chest with a swift ball pitched by "Dick" Taylor. The sore spot has given him any amount of trouble ever since, but he did not pay much attention to it. Recently a doctor made a careful examination of the big player, and discovered that he has been carrying around a broken rib ever since the day he was hit.

Sportsmen contemplating a visit to the Adirondack Mountains should by all means possess themselves of a copy of the delightful little book, just issued by the New York Central. You can take this book and in half an hour secure a good general idea of the Adirondack region—its grand divisions, characteristics of each, the location of the principal resorts and how to reach them. Not the least valuable feature is a fine new relief map, printed in four colors, showing the correct location of all the principal mountains, lakes and streams; also all stage lines, wagon roads and carriages, and on the back a complete list of hotels, cottages and camps—location, dates of opening and closing, rates, etc. There is, probably, no other book published on the Adirondacks containing in such compact and readable shape so much useful information.

FISTIC SMALL TALK.

Danny Needham and "Dutch" Neal have been matched to box in four weeks near St. Louis.

Jim Smith and Dick Burge are to box 20 rounds for \$1,000 a side and the best purse offered in England, on Nov. 25.

Tom McCarthy, the Woburn heavyweight, has signed to box Tim Scanlan, of Pittsburg, twenty-five rounds in Kittingan, August 22.

It is rumored that Joe Early is building an arena at Rayoness, N. J., which will seat 25,000 persons. He will soon bid for a few big boxing matches.

Billy Mahoney, the well-known Boston sportsman, has offered to bet \$1,000 that Dick O'Brien could not defeat the "Picka-minny" in twenty-five rounds.

Farson Davies proposes to go to England in October with Jimmy Barry, the Chicago bantamweight boxer. Davies will try to match Barry against Fiddler Palmer.

Don Benton, of Boston, has just issued a neat pamphlet containing the records of many well known boxers, as well as other information valuable to men interested in pugilism.

There appears to be a fog of truth between Bob Fitzsimmons and Joe Vendig, principally on Vendig's side, for the latter is a Corbett man to the core, and Fitzsimmons is aware of it.

Horace M. Leeds, of Atlantic City, has petitioned the Florida Athletic Club to match him against any lightweight boxer in the world for a contest at Dallas, Texas, for a purse of \$5,000, to a finish.

Tommy Ryan says he and Davies have never separated. "I simply did not care to travel about, as I desire to settle down at Syracuse. Mr. Davies will continue to make matches for me. Ryan is confident that with three months for training he will be fit at 145 pounds."

Tom O'Rourke asserts that because he has had some differences of opinion with Brady and Corbett, they have influenced the Florida Athletic Club to refuse to offer a purse for Dixon. Corbett was recently heard to say that he would fix it so Dixon would not fight at Dallas.

Eddie McConnell, of Pittsburg, who is regarded as the most scientific bag puncher in Pennsylvania, writes that he will meet the winner in the coming bag-punching contest to be held in Apollo Garden, Boston, Mass., August 3, for \$100 or \$300 a side, in private or public.

The saloon of Billy Council, in New York, was raided the other night. A prize fight was in progress between Jack Johnson and Julius Mack, colored. Twenty-two men and three women were locked up. Council is a professional cake-walker and all-around sport. The prisoners sang negro melodies on the way to the station house.

A young Milwaukee pugilist named Schmidt was killed as the result of a will held near North Milwaukee on July 21. It was a private affair, and quite a number of sports were present. Schmidt was hit and fell forward. The crowd thought he was dangerously hurt and ran away. A doctor was summoned and the man taken to Trinity Hospital, where he died. It is not known who his opponent was. No marks of violence can be found on the body, and it is supposed the man died from the shock.

Interest in the coming contest between Champion Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons grows apace as the following letter will show: "Four friends and myself have \$5,000 (five thousand dollars) that we would like to bet on the coming fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons. We are willing to bet the same against \$4,000 (four thousand dollars) that Corbett wins. Or we will bet \$5,000 (five thousand dollars) even that Corbett will win inside of fifteen rounds. We will deposit said sum or sums whenever called upon. Yours truly, JOHN MARTIN, Georgetown, D. C., July 23, 1895."

DRIVE CARE TO THE WINDS!

FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES will do the trick. Brief, fast, up-to-date and hand-drawn Illustrated Novels on the Market. No. 13. "Mistress or Wife?" is a dandy. Buy it. Read it, and you will want the whole series. Price, by mail, 50 cents each. RICHARD E. FOX, New York.

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HASTINGS AND HANDSPRING.

Outlook for Professional Cycle Racing is not Encouraging.

RACING MATTERS IN THE WEST.

In racing circles the men who are directly interested in turf affairs have not yet ceased talking about the Gideon & Daily closing out sale, although it is now almost a week since the sensational event took place. From the day when it was first announced that the most notable and successful string of race horses in training would pass under the hammer, horsemen looked forward to the sale as a fair test of public confidence in racing as now conducted, and as an indication of what the future of the sport is to be in this State. It was expected that good prices would be realized for such stars as Kewanee and Hastings, but few turfmen looked to see the \$30,000 mark exceeded for either colt. Therefore, when Hastings brought \$37,000, the highest price ever paid for a two-year-old at auction, and the average for the seventeen animals reached \$6,370, the best average, bar none, ever known in America, the followers of racing were very naturally jubilant over the result and its meaning to the entire horse raising and horse racing interests. The success of the Gideon & Daily sale, taken in connection with the unexpected financial success which has attended all of the high-class meetings given in the Metropolitan district thus far this season, is regarded as strong evidence of a brilliant future for racing in New York.

It is said that Hastings will be raced only a little, if any, before the date of the Futurity, although he is entered in the Bitter Root Stud Handicap and the G. H. Mumma Company Handicap to be run at Saratoga. When Hastings meets Handspring in the great two-year-old event of the year at the Coney Island fall meeting, one of the most notable races of the season should be seen. Both colts have their followers in about equal numbers among the racing men, and the question as to the two-year-old or -yearling is becoming more interesting as the time for the \$50,000 contest approaches. The friends of Handspring attribute his defeat by Hastings in the Surf Stakes to a hard trial on a heavy track the day before. This was only a few days before Applegate brought the son of Hanover to a drive in the Great Trial Stakes when conceding him weight, and anybody could see at the time that Handspring lacked his usual dash and spirit in this last race. He afterwards beat Applegate in a gallop for the Double Event. The Hastings adherents claim that the high-mettled son of Spendthrift possesses more speed than Handspring or any other two-year-old in training, unless it be his stable companion, the flying Floretta IV. They account for the defeat of Handspring by Hastings in this way: Hastings, they say, forced the pace so hotly in the first half mile that Handspring's head began to swim at the head of the stretch, leaving the brown colt to draw away an easy winner. The time of the race was 1:00 2/5 for five furlongs, and the easy manner in which Hastings left the other colt in the stretch are cited in support of this view. The first half mile is said to have been run at an amazing rate of speed, while the last furlong was comparatively slow.

A well-known turfman who takes this view and who believes Hastings to be the fastest two-year-old of the year, Floretta not barred, attributes his wonderful turn of speed in a great measure to his extremely high mettle and nervous force. Hastings is a match for the noted trotter Sunol in temperament, and Mr. Robert Bonner recently testified under oath that he believed the high-strung daughter of Electioneer to be the fastest trotter in the world. Trotting-horse breeders have long required the relation between nervous energy and extreme speed, and have drawn on the blood of the race horse in breeding trotters for the reason that the thoroughbred family possesses more mettle and fire than any other breed of horses. A majority of the fastest trotters are so full of life and spirit as to be undesirable for driving on the road, and a majority of the trotting champions, too, have the nerve-giving thoroughbred cross close up in their inheritance. Hastings is a high-pressure thoroughbred, a veritable bundle of nerves. John Hyland says he used to work the youngster every day, rain or shine, to keep him toned down. "If ever you miss him a day in his work," said Hyland to Jack Joyner when the colt was delivered to Mr. Belmont's trainer, "you'll find you've a tough customer to deal with the next day."

The selection of Fred Fortmeyer as Secretary of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, has met with the hearty approval of the public and oarsmen all over the country. Mr. Fortmeyer, who is a stickler for pure amateurism, has been an enthusiastic worker in the interests of rowing for many years. Every year he seriously considers the advisability of retiring, but does not make up his mind until it is too late, and then he is sure to be haunted with an office. "Rowing," he said not long ago, "is a hobby with me, and what would mean time and trouble to many men is pleasure the way I look at it. Those of us who are old timers of course love the National Association, and we are proud of the fact that it is an association of sportsmen and not sporting men. The sport is well governed, and we have things so arranged that we have little or no trouble with professionalism." The National Association is one of the most successful organizations of the kind in this country, and that is not to be wondered at in view of the men in control.

The outlook for professional bicycle racing in this country is not encouraging. While the League of American Wheelmen has decided to assume jurisdiction over this department, leading league officials and the manufacturers look forward to the outcome with distrust. The L. A. W. has, within the last few years, been steadily educating the racing men up to the cash prize standard by allowing them to accept salaries and expenses, and by overlooking frequent breaches of the rules dealing with the sale of prizes. Even in the face of these facts the league has repeatedly refused to take cognizance of professional racing until this season, and now the expectation offered for the new departure is that the league officials feel impelled to anticipate the possible formation of a professional league, and the usurpation of their powers over the racing interest. The announcement that the manufacturers will support the financial

departments of racing have decided not to engage any professionals this season will have the effect of giving that class a setback. Affured by the promises of big purses and the support of the trade, racing men have been in readiness to ride for cash, but the situation within the last few days has changed. The racing men have concluded to remain in class B rather than lose their salaries.

Representatives of the professional contingent are about exposing rolls of greenbacks to the unsophisticated racing men and offering them glaring inducements to fall in line. All such promises are fruitless in the face of the influence that the dealers wield over the racing men. The professional races at the national meet brought together only a handful of middle class riders, and the marked contrast between the reception accorded to them and the men who ride in class B showed that the latter class is the popular department, and its continued recognition by the league seems assured.

It is not usual for a ball player to make any objection when he is transferred from one club to another. The magnates are all-powerful, and the player knows full well that any decided kick on his part will call down upon him the vengeance of the League managers, who would not hesitate at barring the dissatisfied player from the League altogether. While not being the blacklisting of the player, it is the same in effect, for no League club would engage him if under the ban.

Hence it is that Eddie Burke has done a surprising thing. The president of the New York club arrived in New York the other day unheralded and unannounced. He immediately sent for Burke and said to him: "You are assigned to Cincinnati, and you must report there at once." Burke replied: "I haven't received my ten days' notice of release, and refuse to go until I receive the money for that ten days, which I am entitled to, and also the back salary which the New York club owes me." This was a ploy to Mr. Freedman, who supposed that all he had to do was to order Burke to Cincinnati and the thing was done. Burke was determined in his stand, however, and insisted on a settlement.

Manager Doyle has succeeded in running Eddie Burke out of New York, as he desired. Burke was too much of a favorite, and Doyle

DEFENDER IS CHAMPION.

Yachtsmen Satisfied With Her Showing Against Vigilant.

WILL PROBABLY BE FASTER.

Quickness in Stays the Marvelous Feature of Her Sailing Qualities.

TO BE IMPROVED FOR THE TRIALS.

The sailing qualities of the boat that has been selected to defend that precious "growler" have been adequately tested, and American yachtsmen are in jubilant mood; the exuberance of many of the more enthusiastic carries them to the point of saying and actually believing that there is absolutely no use in Lord Dunraven bringing his Valkyrie III. all the way across the ocean in the hope of getting his finger tips on the Cup.

The Cup is safe, according to their deductions from the magnificent showing of Defender against the best "trial horse" that could possibly be secured. That Defender is faster than Vigilant in anything but a heavy blow and a big sea must be conceded, and the probabilities, according to three same sharp, are that the new yacht would show her heels even more cleanly in heavy weather, as she seemed much stiffer on the beam wind that had more strength than any of the many varieties of motive power that diversified the race. Then, too, they figure that Valkyrie III. is a light-weather boat, and hence their jubilation.

All sorts of deductions are drawn, in some of which time tests and comparisons figure largely. Strangely enough, while it is perfectly known that time differences are not without the trouble of calculation in yachting affairs, still there is almost endless figuring going on all the time, with results, on the whole, very satisfactory to those who argue on either side.

The fact is that Defender is undoubtedly the fastest sailing yacht ever built in this country, and therefore the proper vessel on which to load all the hopes, patriotism and enthusiasm of that part of the yachting world on this side of the Atlantic. The remaining trials,

although they are to be official, will probably further emphasize this statement.

When the new yacht swept up the finish line, off Scotland Lightship, two miles ahead of gallant Vigilant, even those who expected Defender to develop speed beyond anything yet seen off Sandy Hook were amazed at the gap between the two. To beat the Vigilant of '95 is no mean task, for never before has the Gould yacht been as fit for a race, and never has she been handled so well, so far as anybody on this side of the water knows.

An analysis of the times taken at the various marks shows that, barring the flukes that occurred during slight intervals, Defender defeated Vigilant on every point of sailing. To windward she pointed higher than the centre-boarder, and in reaching she outdid the '95 byer at an amazing rate.

The Defender's quickness in stays was again demonstrated, and Capt. Haff made as many tacks with her as though he were out to show just how quickly she could be put into the wind and fitted away again. Quickness in stays has always been the excellent point of the Watson boats, Valkyrie II. having been a marvel in that respect, and up to the appearance of the Defender nothing to approach her had ever been seen in this harbor. It is probable, though, that the Defender could split tacks with Lord Dunraven's last champion and break on better than even terms every time.

With a jigger rig, such as is ready to put aboard Defender, there is little doubt that she is able to carry it, much to her improvement in speed. Her sail spread in the two trial races did not appear much larger than that of Vigilant, although exact figures cannot be given.

The next and final tests of the yachts will be made under the auspices of the America's Cup Committee, over the regular courses, for the selection of the actual defender of the trophy. These will be sailed Aug. 10 and 12, and efforts are being made to secure the entry of Jubilee. Probably Columbia may also sail in the official trials.

HAYHURST WON THE QUEEN'S PRIZE. Canadian Riflemen Surprised the Sharpshooters of Great Britain.

A cable from London on July 21, says: During the shooting yesterday at Bixley for the Queen's Prize a heavy rain fell, and a sixteen-mile wind blew across the ranges. There was a marked absence of nobility. The Duke of Connaught, who witnessed the trial in 1894, was otherwise engaged. The elections account for many absences.

When the Queen's Hundred took their positions at 800 yards, and 4 men?.....The conditions of these contests differ so materially that records are not taken.

A. B., Milwaukee, Wis.—A, B and C play a game of pool; A has 6, B 5, C none; is the game out, or have they got to play till all the balls are off the table? If three men are playing, and banking the 8 ball, are they supposed to bank the balls after banking the 8 ball?.....1. Game is out, as C can get only 4. 2. No.

G. B. B., Huesons, Cal.—1. Tell me the whereabouts of Billy Gahig, the heavy-weight pugilist. 2. Also the whereabouts of Smiling Mickey Welch, the baseball pitcher of New York. 3. Also if Denver Ed. Smith has retired from the ring?.....1. Philadelphia, Pa. 2. Holyoke, Mass. 3. No, he is still open to fight.

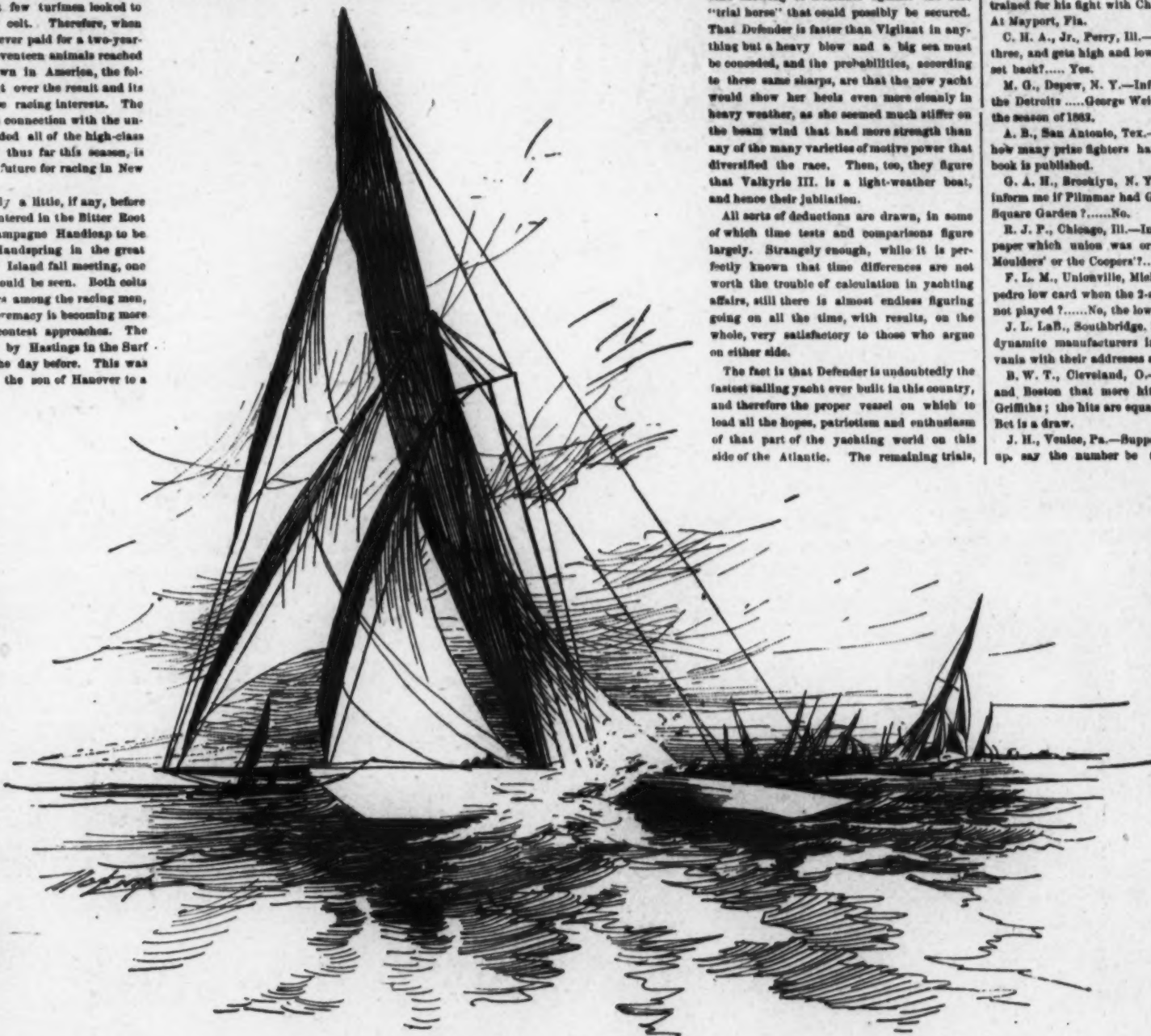
CARMS, Lancaster.—A B C D E F were playing jack pot. A is the dealer; B opens the pot for 5 cents; C drops; D E F play and A drops; B draws two cards; D E F draws each three cards; B bets 5 cents; D and E drop; F bets 10 cents and B sees him; B has three fives and F has two aces and the joker. Who wins?.....B wins the pot.

J. F., Fort Riley, Kansas.—I played a game of pinochle, four-handed, and following argument started: Diamonds were trumps; A and C and B and D are partners; A lead king of hearts; B had nothing higher than a 9 of hearts; C, A's partner, had both tens, but as D had the ace of hearts, he would not put it on. Now, is a man supposed to go over any card lead if he has got it, the same way as trumps were lead?.....Must beat leads only in trumps.

W. J., Philadelphia, Pa.—What light house do the ships take the distance from New York to Liverpool and New York and Southampton, and how much difference is there in the distance between New York and Southampton and New York and Liverpool?.....1. Sandy Hook, New York, and Dant's Rock, at Liverpool. 2. New York to Liverpool is 3,540 miles; to Southampton, 3,100 miles. The Polaris GAZETTE you want is No. 926. We will send it on receipt of price.

F. L. L., New York.—A game continued seven innings; the umpire called the game on account of darkness; the game was played for a silver cup between the Hotel Brestin and Stanhope. The Brestins were ahead when the game was called; the Stanhope team claim that it was not dark enough to call the game so will not surrender the cup until a proper authority decides?.....If the umpire called the game in the 7th inning, on account of darkness, with the Brestins ahead, they win the cup.

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DEFENDER FINISHING IN FRONT OF VIGILANT.

is reported as saying: "I will not play on the team if Burke does; it has got to be he or me." This verifies the opinion that spite work more than a desire to benefit the Giants was the cause of the severe penalty imposed on Burke.

Professional wire tappers are still at their nefarious work of victimizing poolroom keepers through the country. A special from Memphis, Tenn., the other day says that two sports took \$21,000 out of the cash book at G. B. Bennett & Co.'s poolroom, at Hopefield, Ark., by means of timely and well-placed bets on the Oakley races, and when it was all over Bennett's manager began to realize what had struck the game. By that time, however, the wily couple had departed with their gains.

The supposition is that the wire was tapped and the poolroom made the victim of a sure-thing play. When the telegram giving the track odds in the third race came in 7 to 1 was marked up against Miss Ross. Nobody wanted any of it until post time, when one of the strangers stepped up and bet \$20 on Miss Ross each way. The other unknown followed suit. The two pulled out about \$400 on the pay.

In the next race, the handspan, the odds of 7 to 1 were put up against Maid Marion. The two strangers took some of it in bets of \$50 each way just at post time, as before, and cashed out about \$300 worth of tickets.

When post was called on the last race one of the two wanted to bet \$300 on Picoacorn at 7 to 1, but the manager refused it, and he had to be content with a small wager. The other speculator also chipped in a twenty or two, and both, of course, cashed their tickets. Then they left.

The peculiar feature of the races they played was that the horses seemed to be at the post not exceeding three minutes from the time that bets were laid, which, of course, was not the fact, unless Oakley has found some new way of starting horses. The poolroom people are convinced that the wire was tapped and the result held up until the two sports could get their money on.

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ROUTED THE TRAMP.

MISS LOUIE BOGART, OF SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., CHASES A WEARY WALKER, WHO HAD BEEN INSOLENT TO HER, FROM THE PREMISES.



L. J. F. JAEGER AND DOGS.

HE OWNS THE LEADING SPORTING HOUSE IN YUMA, ARIZONA TERRITORY, AND IS A THOROUGHbred.



FRANK W. NELLIGAN.

AN EXPERT IN LIQUID REFRESHMENTS, WHO HOLDS FORTH AT GEORGE FISHER'S, SYRACUSE, N. Y.



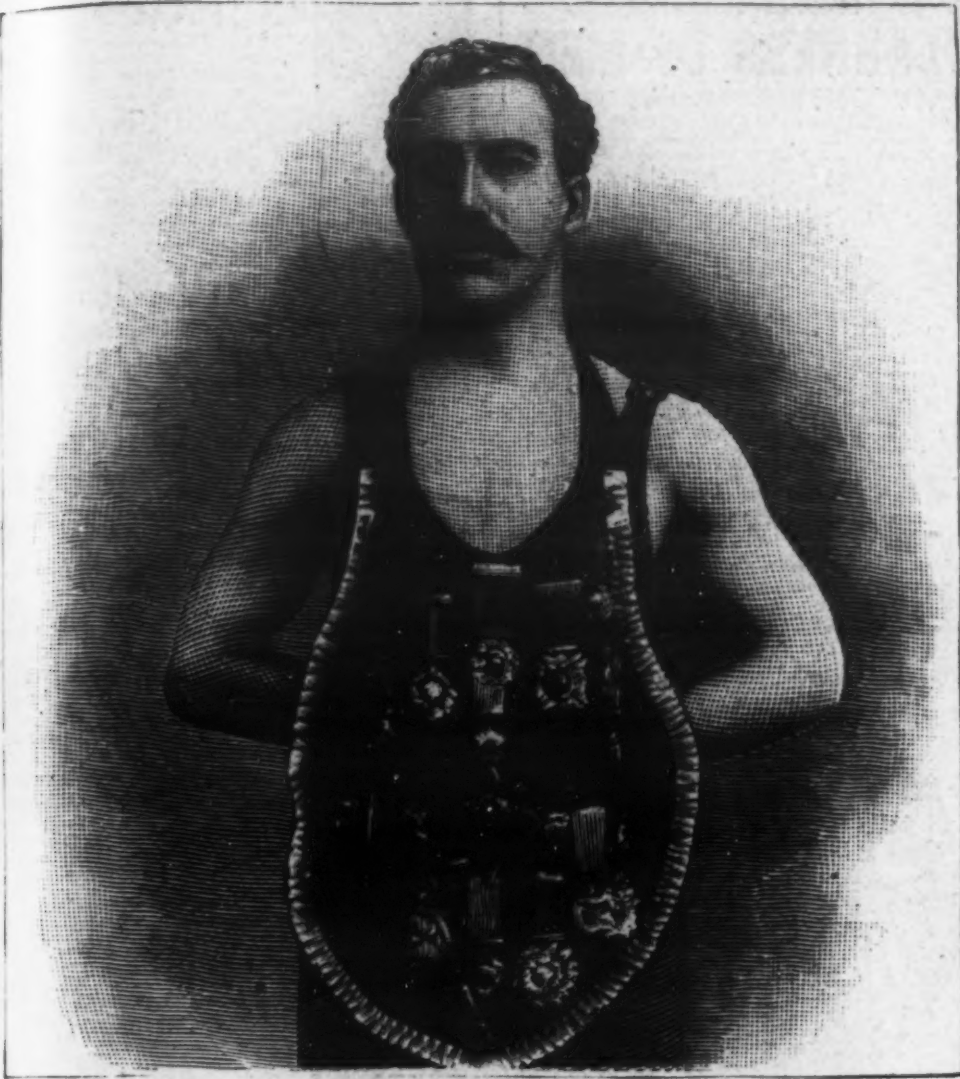
PETER B. LANG.

JUGGLER OF COCKTAILS AND OTHER DRINKS AT LOUIS FREY'S PLACE, WALNUT STREET, CINCINNATI.



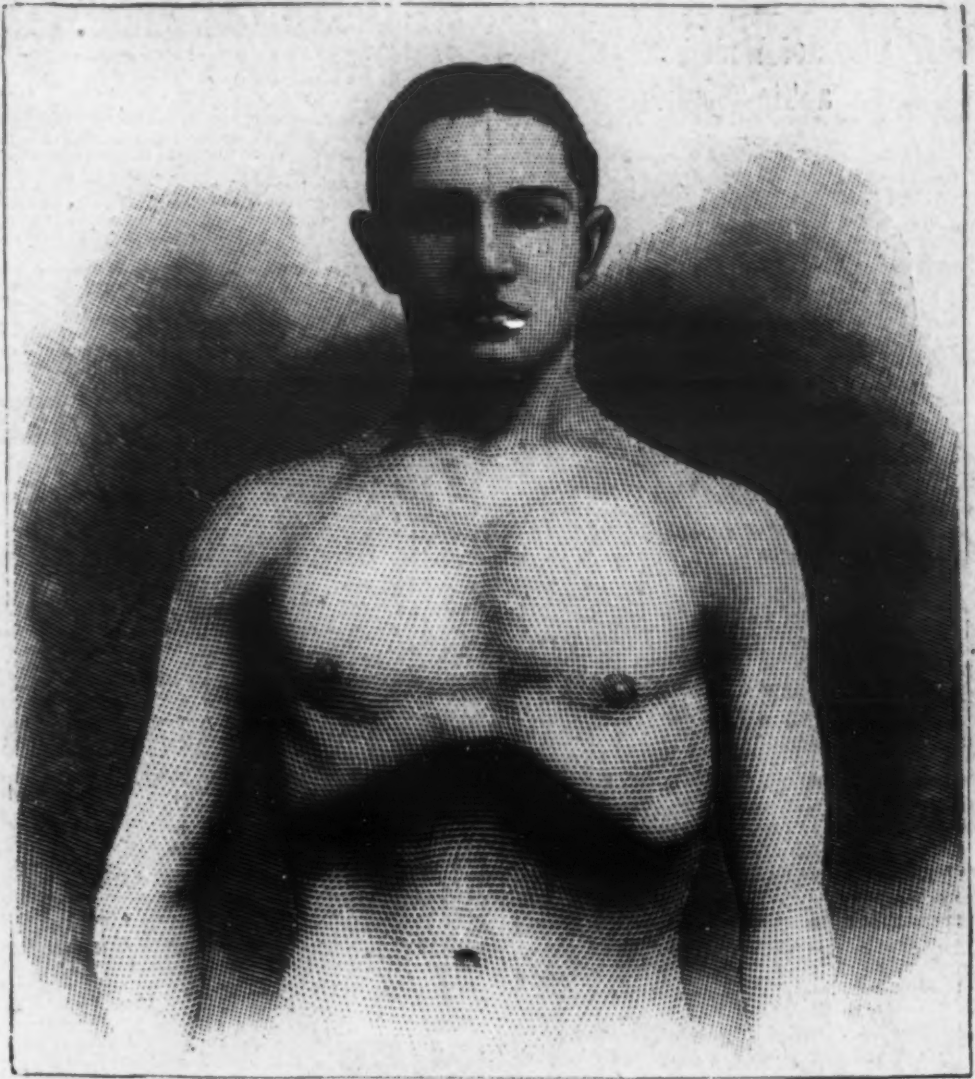
WORE A MOTHER HUBBARD.

FOR THAT REASON KATE SMITH WAS ARRESTED ON THE STREET IN CLEVELAND, O., AT MIDNIGHT BY A MORAL POLICEMAN.



CHAMPION DIVER LLOYD

WANTS TO DIVE FROM THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE AND SWIM TO ELLIS ISLAND, FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A SIDE.



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HAS A WONDERFUL CAPACITY FOR CONTRACTING AND EXPANDING HIS STOMACH, AND PERFORMS OTHER NOTABLE FEATS.



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Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that I written to confidentially, I will mail, in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

I have no scheme to extort money from any one whosoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but, thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

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To Advertisers

In a letter from Mr. H. L. Kramer, the well-known advertiser of No-To-Bac, addressed to Mr. W. W. Brett, the popular advertisement writer of this city, and which appeared in *Printers' Ink*, dated July 10, occurs the following, which will be of much interest to advertisers who are now preparing their fall and winter ads:

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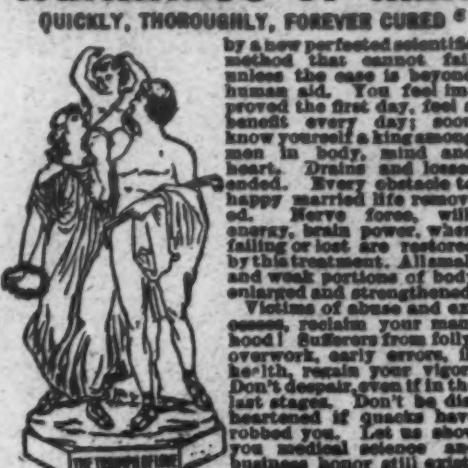
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by a new perfected scientific method that cannot fail unless the case is beyond human aid. You feel improved the first day, feel a benefit every day, soon know yourself a king among men in body, mind and heart. Drains and losses ended. Every obstacle to happy married life removed. Nerve force, will, energy, brain power, when falling or lost are restored by this treatment. All small and weak portions of body enlarged and strengthened. Victims of abuse and excess, reclaim your manhood! Sufferers from folly, overwork, early errors, ill health, regain your vigor! Don't despair, even if in the last stages. Don't be disheartened if quacks have robbed you. Let us show you medical science and business honor still exist; here go hand in hand. Write for our book with explanations and proofs. Sent sealed, free. Over 1,000 references. Address: ERIN MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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Ella Moore, tights
Koko, costume

Lizzie Raymond, tights
Ida Siddons, tights
Florence Thorpe, tights
Kate Vart, tights
Irene Verone, tights
Blanche Walsh, costume
Yucca, tights
Washburn Sisters, tights
Carrie Andrews, tights
Maud Boyd, bust
Corinne, tights and bust
Hattie Delano, tights
Camille D'Arville, tights
Mary Anderson, cost & bust
Lottie Gilson, tights
Marie Tempest, costume
Levy Sisters, tights
Mrs. Brown Potter, cost & bust
Rose Coghlan, bust
Sarah Bernhardt, costume
Estelle Clayton, costume
Mile. Nita, tights
Minnie Palmer, costume
Isabella Urquhart, costume
Clara Quaker, tights
Mabel Guyer, tights
May Howard, tights
Sylvia Gerish, tights
Verona Jarbeau, tights
Pauline Markham, tights

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Sadie Kirby, tights
Mile. Almee, tights
Ada Rehan, bust
Cad Wilson, tights
Fannie Rice, tights
Mile. Ella, tights
Nellie Fox, tights
Marie Jansen, costume
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Lydia Thompson, tights
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Clara Terry, costume
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Carrie Wilson, tights
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Isabelle Cos, costume
Mabel Alphet, tights
Otero, costume
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Madge Lessing, costume
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Carmenita, costume
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Rose Newham, cost & bust
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Virginia Earle, tights
Nina Harrington, tights
Fio Henderson, tights
Jennie Joyce, tights and cost
Mollie Fuller, cost and tights
Patti, bust
Corn Tanner, bust
Fanny Davenport, bust

Yolande Wallace, tights
Mrs. Bernstein, bust
Maggie Cline, bust
Inez Rae, tights
Maggie Dugan, tights
Maud Granger, costume
Maud Evans, costume
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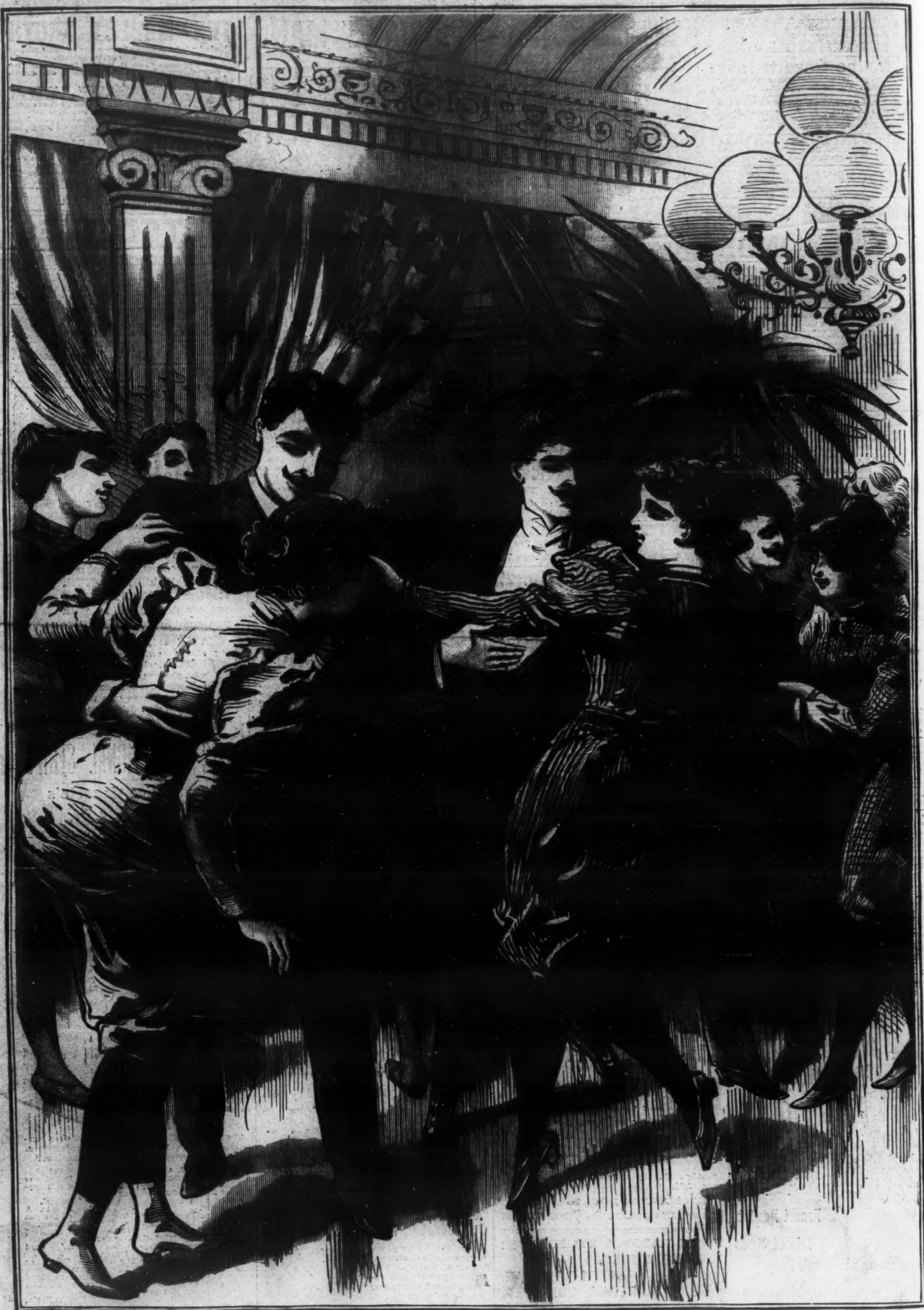
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